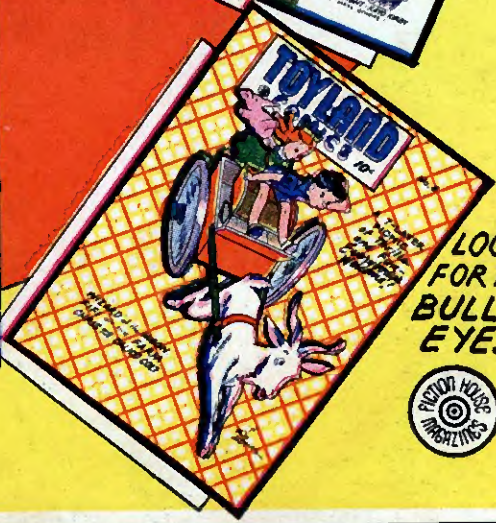


JUMBO COMICS

No. 103
SEPT. 10¢



The GREAT EIGHT OF THE COMICS!



WHY
GUESS?
GET THE
BEST!

NEW!

ACTUAL
SCREEN
THRILLERS
PRESENTED IN
AN UNUSUAL
BOOK!
DON'T
MISS IT!

LOOK
FOR THE
BULL'S-
EYE!



A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

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ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND SEPTEMBER 1st.

SHEENK

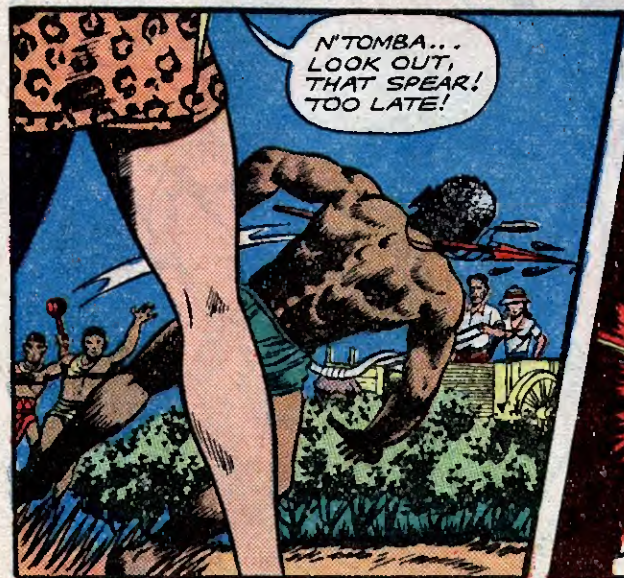
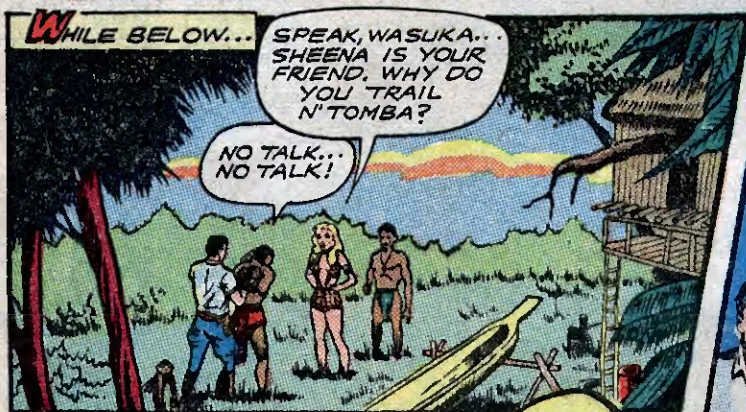
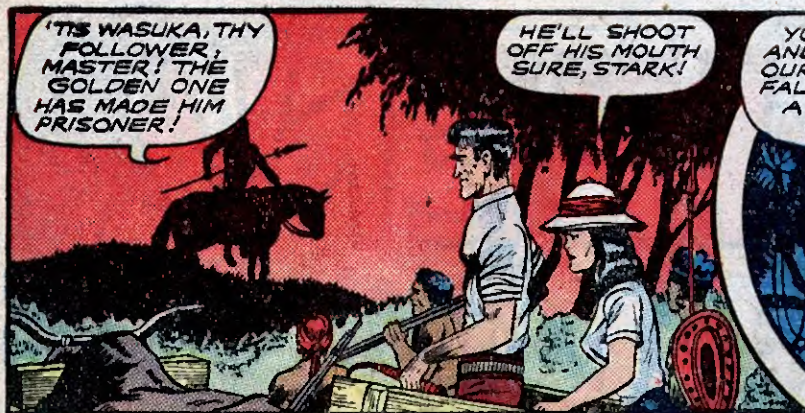
Queen of the Jungle

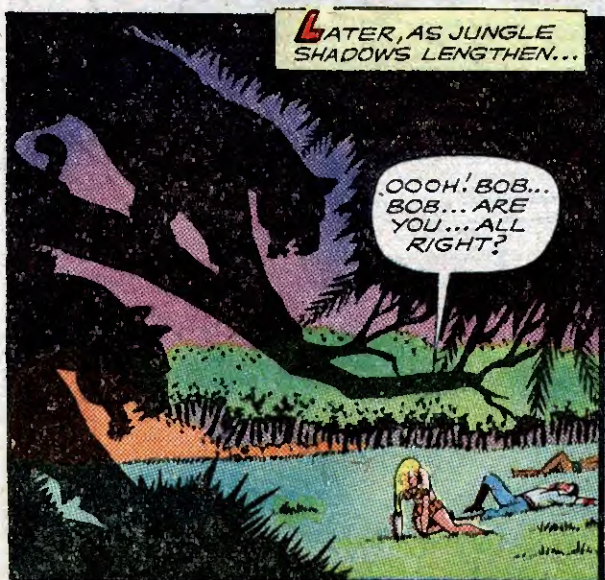
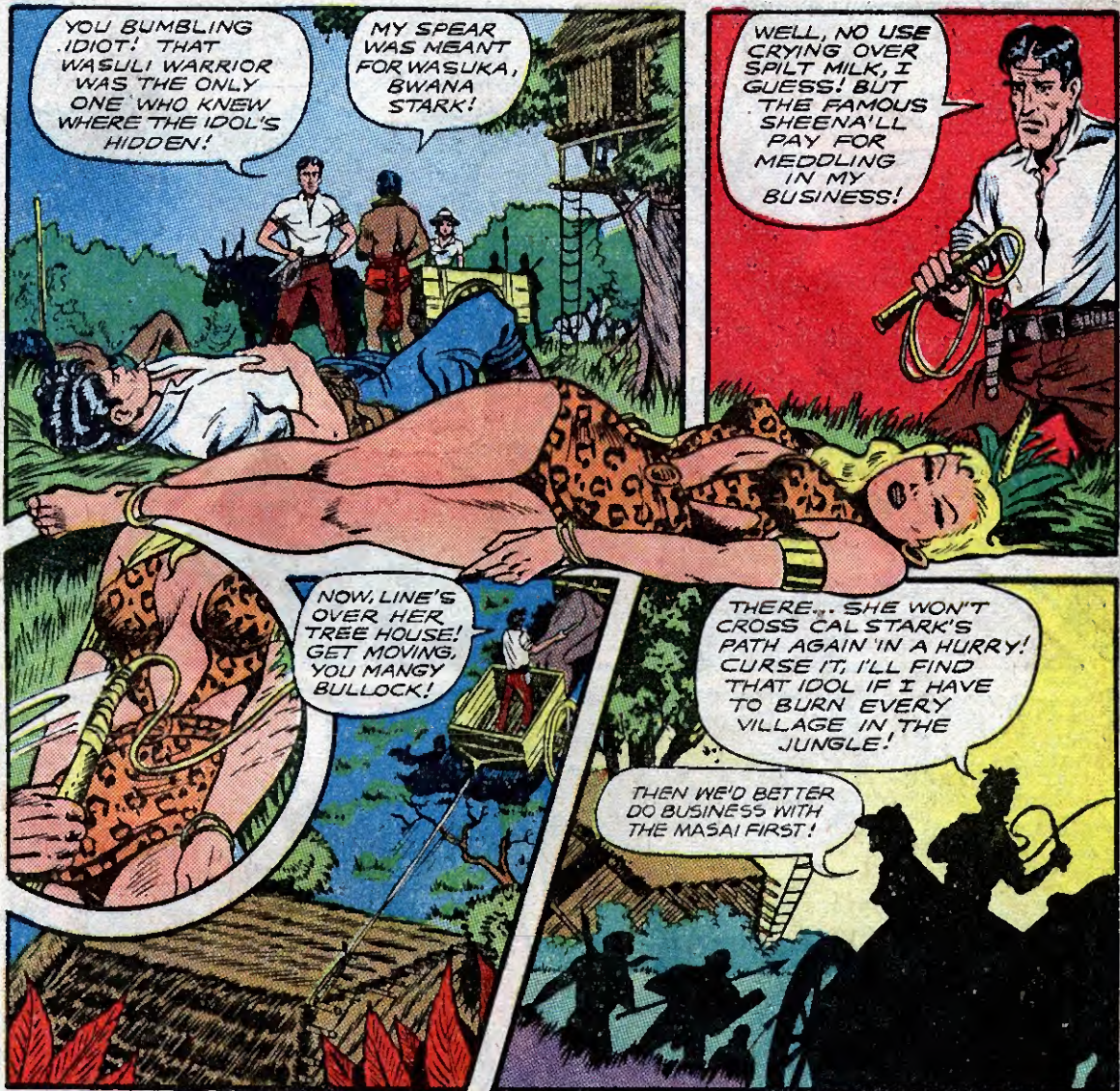
BY W. MORGAN THOMAS

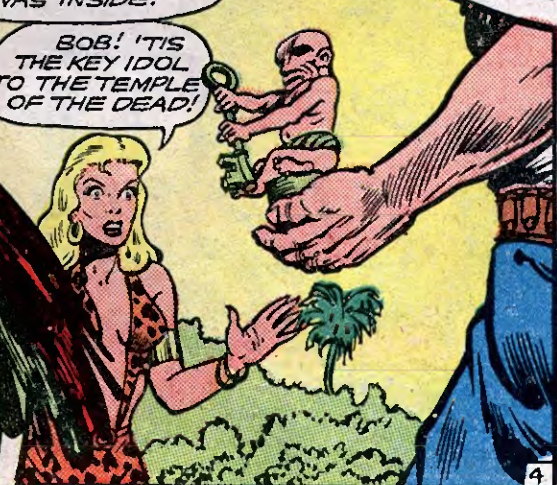
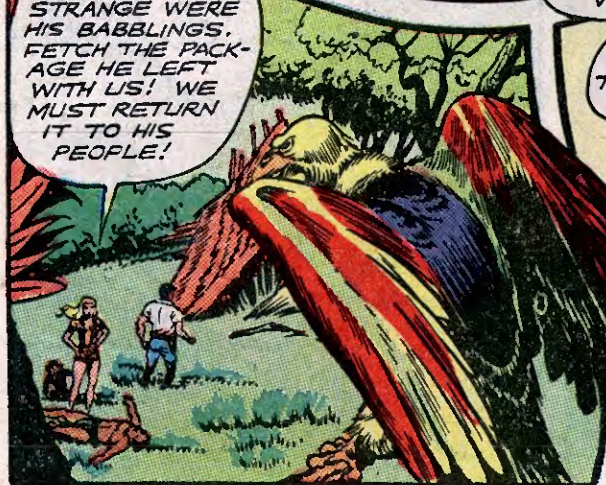
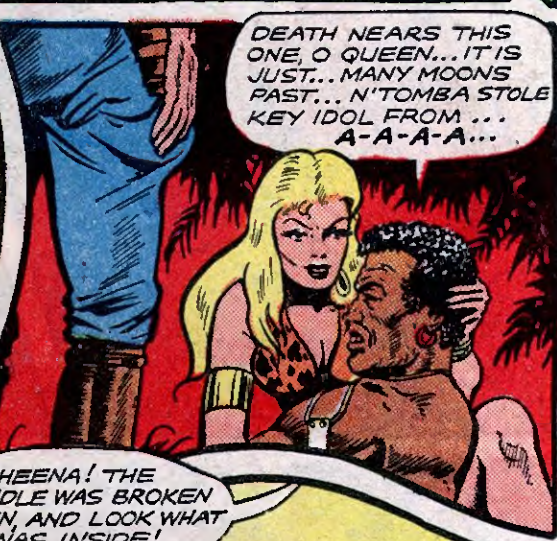
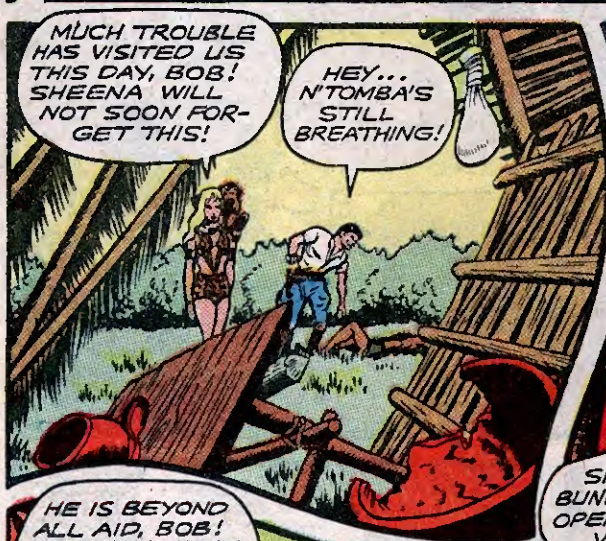
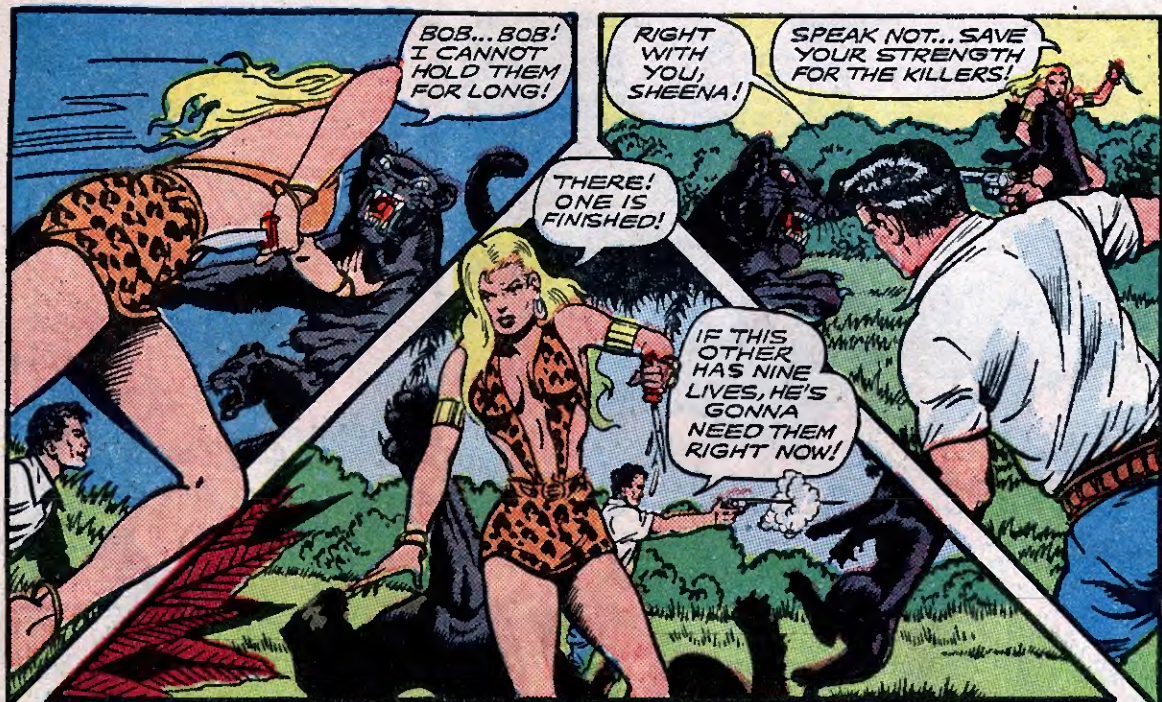


"WHY DO YOU SQUABBLE LIKE JACKALS SO CLOSE TO THE ABODE OF YOUR QUEEN?" DEMANDED AN OUTRAGED SHEENA OF THE ONE WHO CLUTCHED A MYSTERIOUS IDOL TO HIS SHAKING CHEST... AND THE OTHER, WHOSE HATE-GLAZED EYES FLITTED WITH SINISTER REGULARITY TOWARD THE CRESTED RISE ABOVE THEM... WATCHING, WAITING....

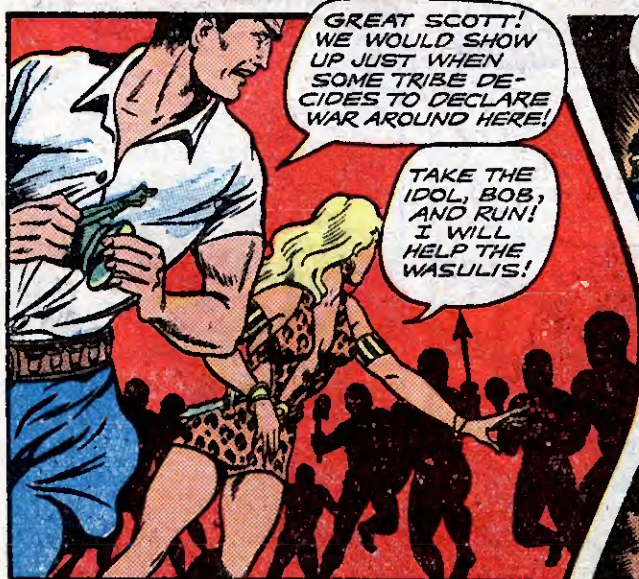
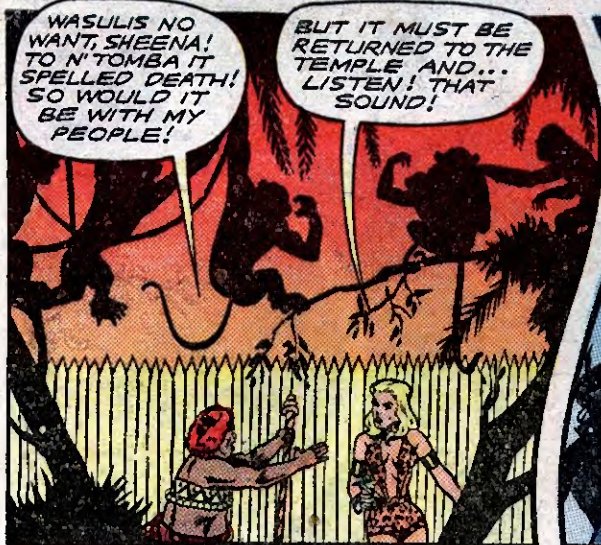
HO, BWANA STARK. LOOK... BELOW LIES THE TREE DWELLING OF THE JUNGLE QUEEN, SHEENA... AND WAIT, THE ONE SHE HOLDS...

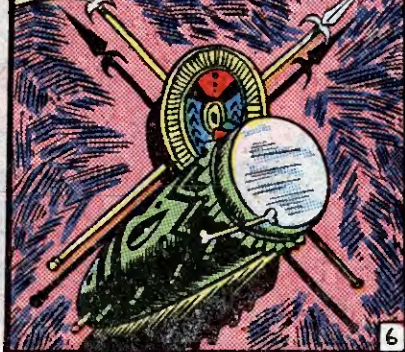
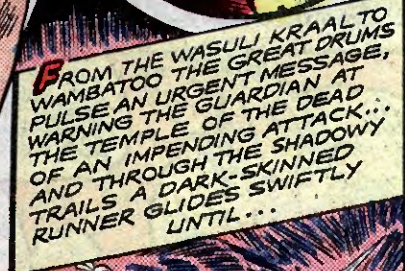
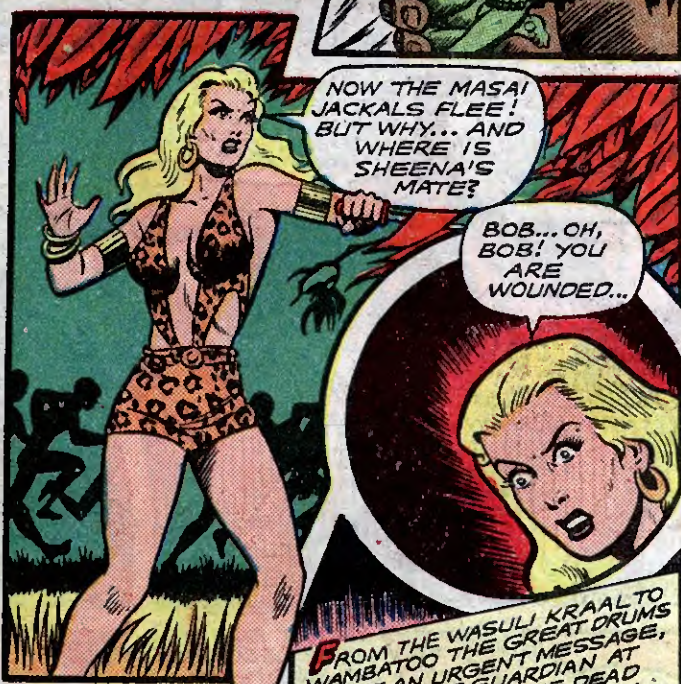






LATER...





WAH! MUST
SEND SMOKE
SIGNAL
NOW!

HE SHALL
WITNESS
THE BLACK
PUFFS AND
OPEN GATE
FOR ME!

SOON...

IT IS WELL
THAT YOU SAW
MY SIGNALS, OLD
ONE... I BRING A
WARNING... WHITE
MAN COMES TO
ROB IDOL!

WE ARE
PREPARED!
WHEN THEY
GRASP TORCH
FOR LIGHT,
IDOL OF THE
BEARD
CRASHES DOWN...

SIGNAL!
MESSENGER
COME!

THIEVES!

WHILE...

TOUCH ONE DAGGER,
FIVE OTHERS STRIKE
WITH SPEED OF
LIGHTNING.

IT IS A
GREAT TREK
TO THE
TEMPLE,
BUT SHEENA
KNOWS MANY
PATHS TO
SHORTEN
THE WAY!

SHEENA,
LOOK!
JUST
AHEAD THERE.

THAT
CAMP...
'TIS
BWANA
STARK
AND
HIS
MEN!

CUTTHROATS,
YOU MEAN!
BUT WHAT
ARE YOU GOING
TO DO, SHEENA?



QUICKLY, FOLLOW ME... WE MUST STRIKE WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF THE JUNGLE CAT!



FALSE HEADS! DUMMIES! WHY...

A TRICK! BOB, YOUR BOOM-STICK!

ALL RIGHT, MEN... GRAB THEM! HURRY, HURRY!

HA, HA! PRETTY NEAT, STARK. LUCKY WE HEARD THE DRUMS TELLING ABOUT THAT TEMPLE GUARDIAN!



YEAH! WE'LL NEED THESE TWO TO GET INTO THE TEMPLE... AND PASS THAT GUARDIAN! HEY, WAIT...

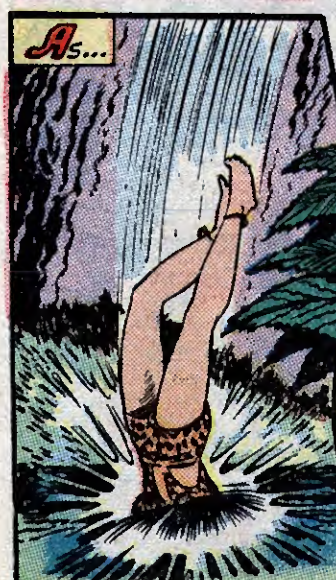
SHEENA DOES FIT INTO YOUR PLANS! THAT VINE...



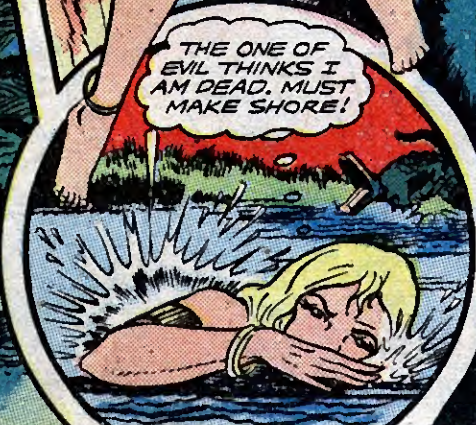
ROTTED! IT GIVES OOH!



SO THAT FINISHES HER! NO MATTER, HER MATE WILL BE OUR TICKET TO THE TEMPLE FORTUNE, LET'S SHOVE.



As...



THE ONE OF EVIL THINKS I AM DEAD. MUST MAKE SHORE!



LATER...

AH, THE DRUM MESSAGE AND THE RUNNER SPOKE WITH TRUTH. THE EVIL ONES COME!

SWIFT SECONDS LATER...

GOOD! KEY FITS!
NOW, ACCORDING TO
THOSE DRUMS WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO SEE
A BEARDED IDOL
INSIDE. SHOVE THAT
SUCKER FORWARD!

HEY,
WHY
ME?

MAY BE A
TRICK! THERE
IT IS! GO
AHEAD, CHUMP,
GRAB THAT
TORCH!

IT'LL
MEAN
A SLUG
IN MY
BACK IF
I DON'T
DO AS HE
SAYS!

WHEW! I KIND
OF FIGURED
THAT WAS A
JUNGLE
TYPE BOOBY
TRAP! THOSE
NATIVES
GOT IT!

AAHH!

AS ABOVE...

BRR! CRUSHED TO
A PULP! WAIT...THIS
GUY'S MOTIONING ME
TOWARD SOMETHING.

MY ARRIVAL IS IN TIME.
THE EVIL ONE CONSULTS
HIS ILL-GOTTEN MAP,
AND WAVES MY MATE
TO THE IDOL OF BLADES!

HERE'S YOUR
CHANCE FOR A
BREAK, DOPE! GRAB
ONE OF THOSE
KNIVES! GO AHEAD...
GRAB!

UH, OH!
ANOTHER
ONE...

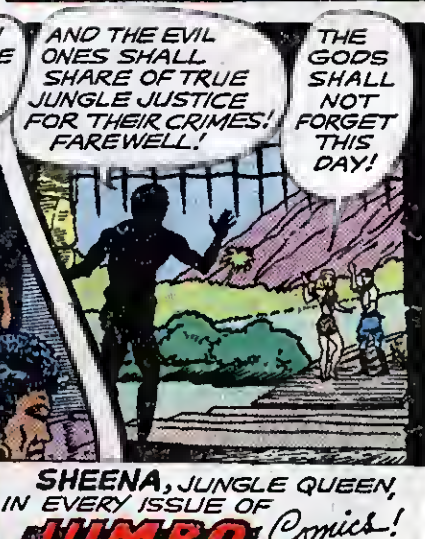
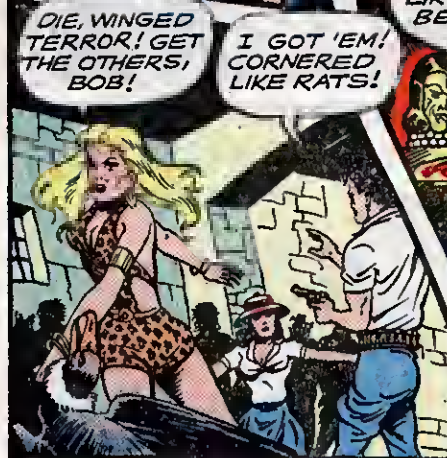
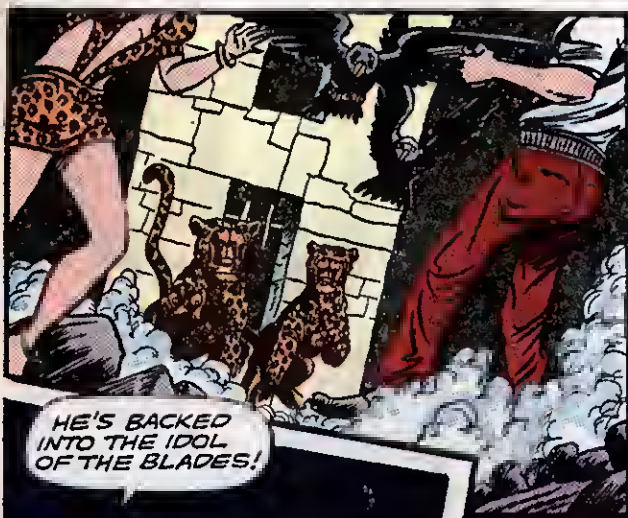
HOLD, BOB!
ON YOUR LIFE...
TOUCH NOT THE
BLADE!

MAYBE IF I
GRAB THE RIGHT
ONE...I'LL GET
A CHANCE TO
JUMP THIS
MUG!

THERE!
YOU ARE
SAFE!
NOW, ONE
OF EVIL...

SHEENA...
ALIVE! NO!

THEY
DESECRATE
THE TEMPLE OF
THE DEAD... AND
SO MUST DIE!
GO FREE, WILD
ONES!



SHEENA, JUNGLE QUEEN, IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO Comics!**

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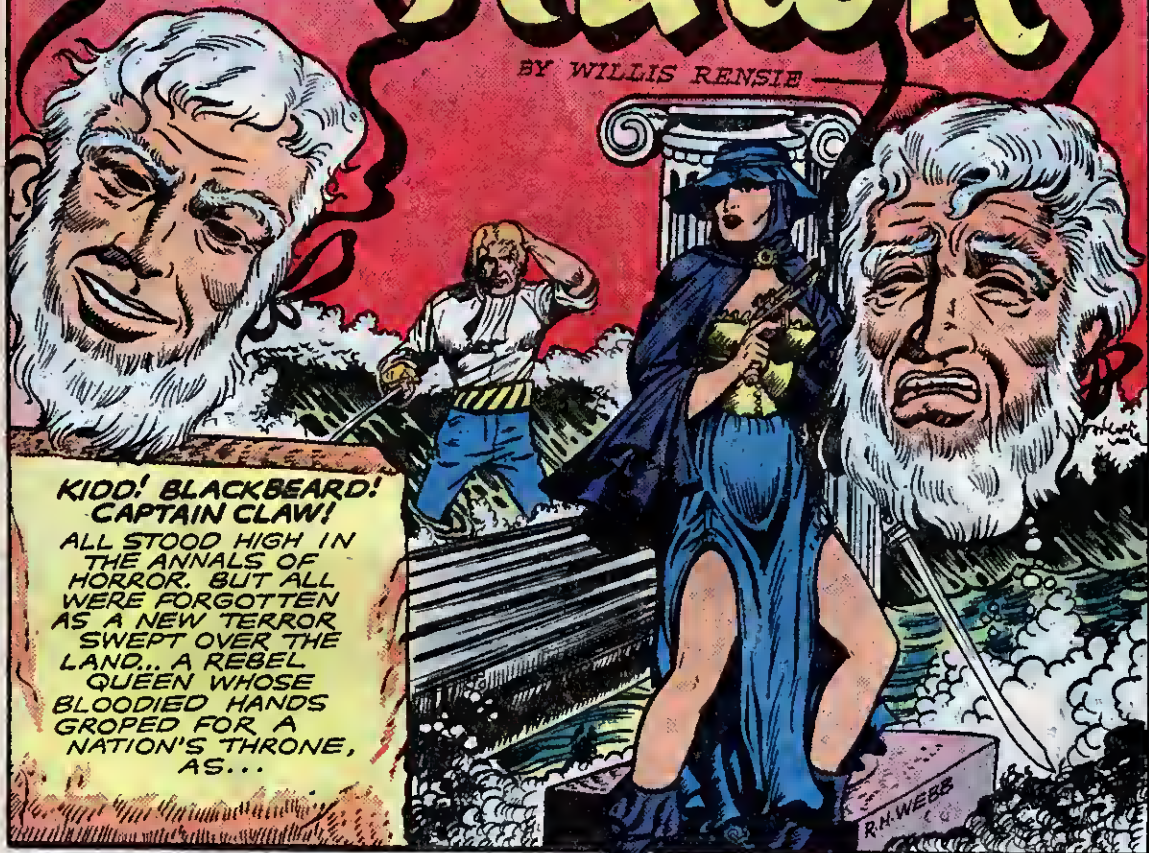
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The Hawk

BY WILLIS RENSIE



**KIDD! BLACKBEARD!
CAPTAIN CLAW!**

ALL STOOD HIGH IN
THE ANNALS OF
HORROR. BUT ALL
WERE FORGOTTEN
AS A NEW TERROR
SWEEPED OVER THE
LAND.. A REBEL
QUEEN WHOSE
BLOODIED HANDS
GROPE FOR A
NATION'S THRONE,
AS...

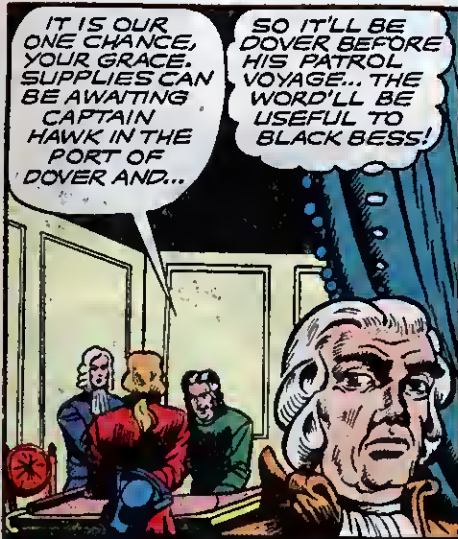
DOUBLE PAY BE
NOT ENOUGH FER
HAULIN' A CARGO
LIKE OURS WITH
THAT DEVIL
ABOUT!

STOW IT, BEN,
AN'... BLIMEY!...
LOOK! 'TIS 'ER...
BLACK BESS!

'YON'S TH' GOLD
STAGE! ONWARD,
MEN... STRIKE
QUICKLY!



Soon...



IT IS OUR ONE CHANCE, YOUR GRACE. SUPPLIES CAN BE AWAITING CAPTAIN HAWK IN THE PORT OF DOVER AND...

SO IT'LL BE DOVER BEFORE HIS PATROL VOYAGE... THE WORD'LL BE USEFUL TO BLACK BESS!



'ERE'E COMES WITH CALEB, JEREMY! AHoy, YOU TWO... DO WE LEAVE TH' BEACH?

AYE, VELVET, LASS. YE CAN PASS TH' ORDER THAT SAIL BE PUT ON!

SO DID THE LADY SCARLETT SAIL FOR DOVER...



AND THAT NIGHT...

WE'LL SOON BE THERE, SIR CHARLES. YOU SHALL BE WELL PAID FOR THIS INFORMATION.

YON'S THE LADY SCARLETT NOW, MISTRESS BESS.



TRUE, AND TH' LAST O' HER SUPPLIES ARE GOING ABOARD NOW! YONDER ARE HAWK AND HIS MATE!



METHINKS TH' CREW'LL SLEEP SOUND THIS NIGHT, CALEB, OLD TAR!

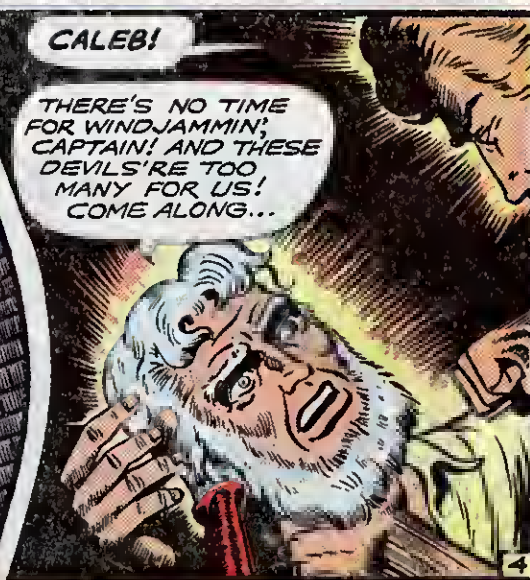
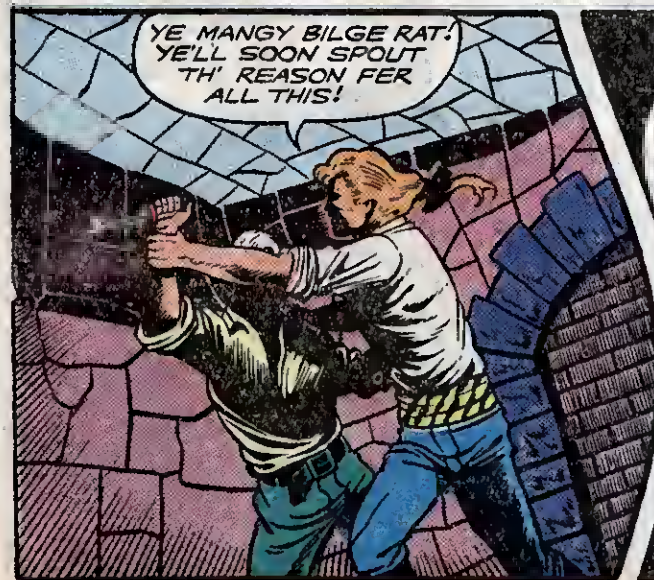
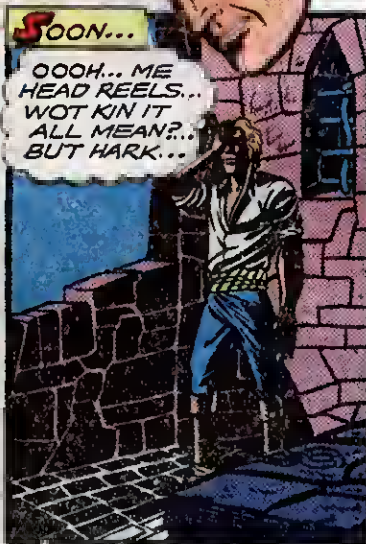
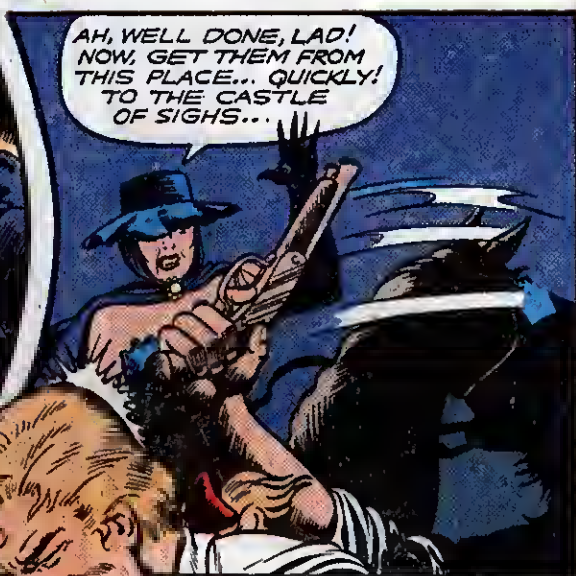
AYE, SIR, 'AVE A PIPE AFORE WE TURNS IN! BLIMEY! WOT?



MOVE SOFTLY, LADS... STRIKE QUICKLY!

A-A-A-A...

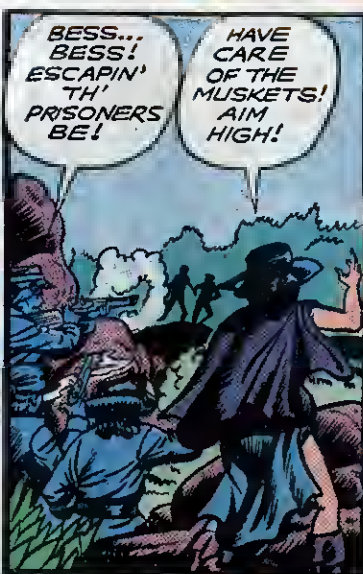
YE DEVILS! WOT'S TH' MEANIN' O' THIS?





HASTEN NOW, SIR!

WE'RE SEEN, CALEB... LOOK ALIVE!



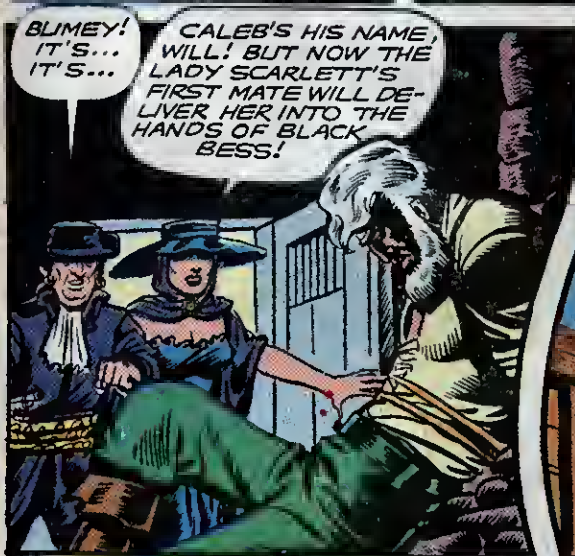
BESS... BESS! ESCAPIN' TH' PRISONERS BE!

HAVE CARE OF THE MUSKETS! AIM HIGH!



BE YE DAFT, BESS? 'TWOULD SEEM YE WANTED THEM TO ESCAPE!

AYE, THAT I DID, WILL! COME ALONG... 'TIS SOME-ONE YOU SHOULD SEE!



BLIMEY! IT'S... IT'S...

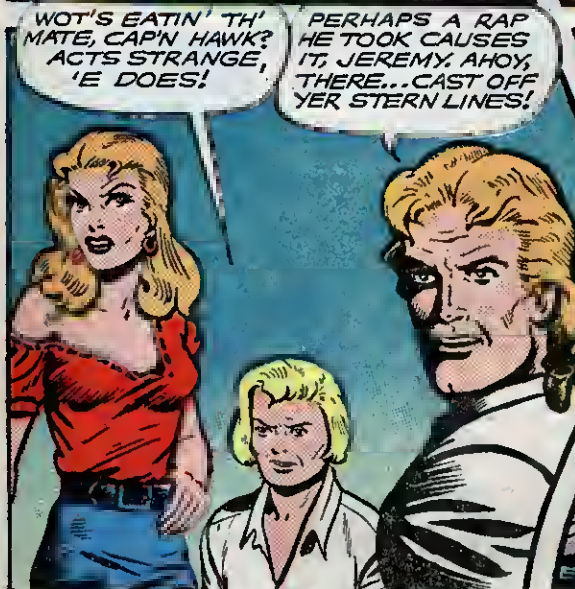
CALEB'S HIS NAME, WILL! BUT NOW THE LADY SCARLETT'S FIRST MATE WILL DELIVER HER INTO THE HANDS OF BLACK BESS!



As...

I'LL TURN IN, SIR, AN' STAND WATCH WHEN WE NEAR TH' CHANNEL!

SKIPPER, WOT HAPPENED? WE 'EARD SHOUTS AN' THEN YE WAS GONE!

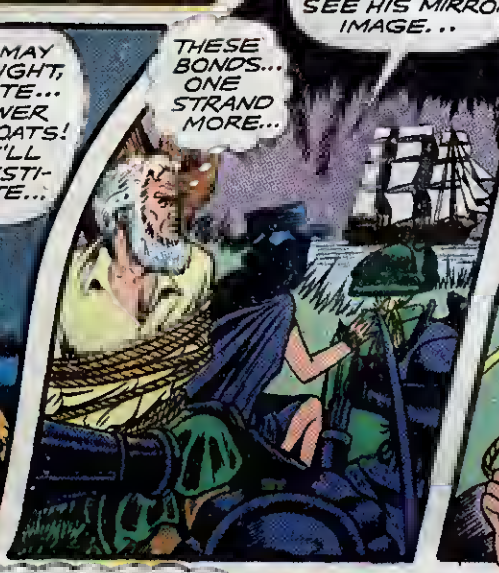
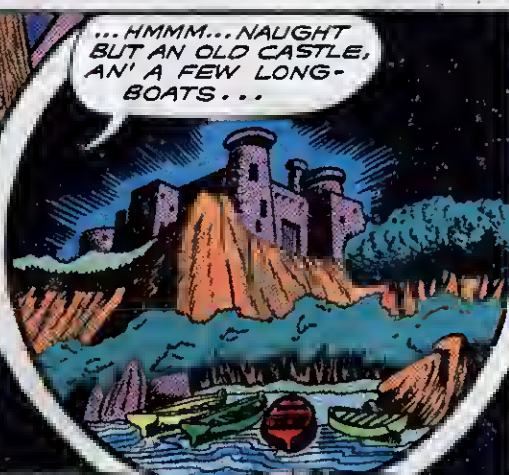
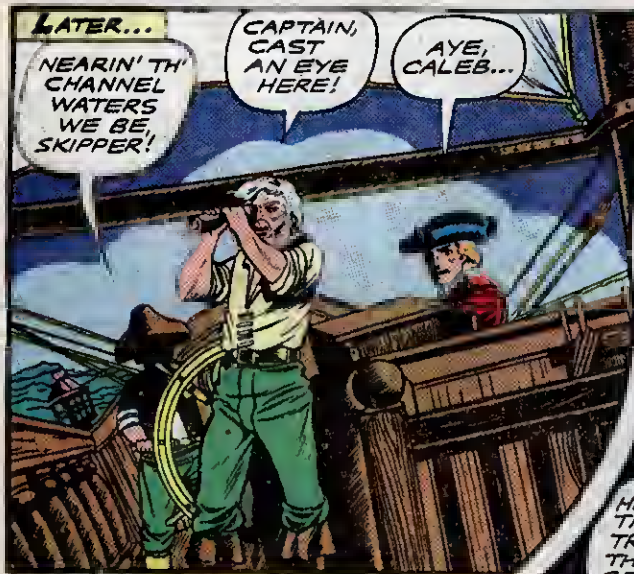


WOT'S EATIN' TH' MATE, CAPN HAWK? ACTS STRANGE, 'E DOES!

PERHAPS A RAP HE TOOK CAUSES IT, JEREMY. AHOY, THERE... CAST OFF YER STERN LINES!



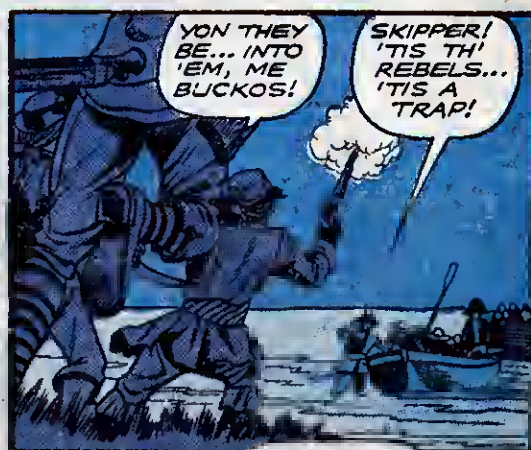
AYE, SIR! LOOK ALIVE, MATES! GET THAT SAIL A-BLOWIN'!





BY TH' BONES O' KIDD, SKIPPER... 'T WAS GUNFIRE, I'D SWEAR IT!

MOST LIKE SOME FARMER A- HUNTIN', FLUTH!

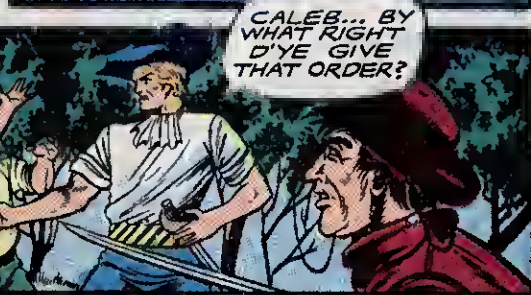


YON THEY BE... INTO 'EM, ME BUCKOS!

SKIPPER! 'TIS TH' REBELS... 'TIS A TRAP!



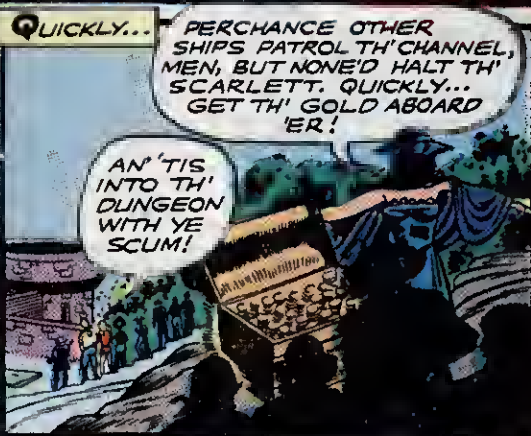
AYE, AN' THEY'RE TOO MANY FOR US! LAY 'EM DOWN, LADS!



CALEB... BY WHAT RIGHT D'YE GIVE THAT ORDER?



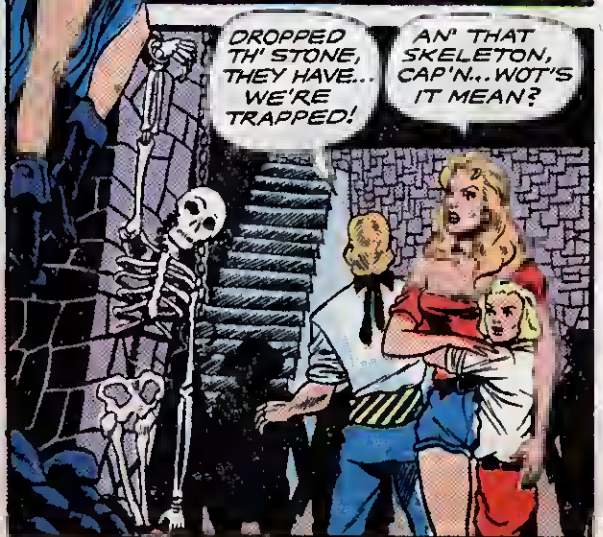
NAY, HE IS MY SERVANT, HAWK! AND YOU ARE THE PRISONER OF BLACK BESS!



QUICKLY...

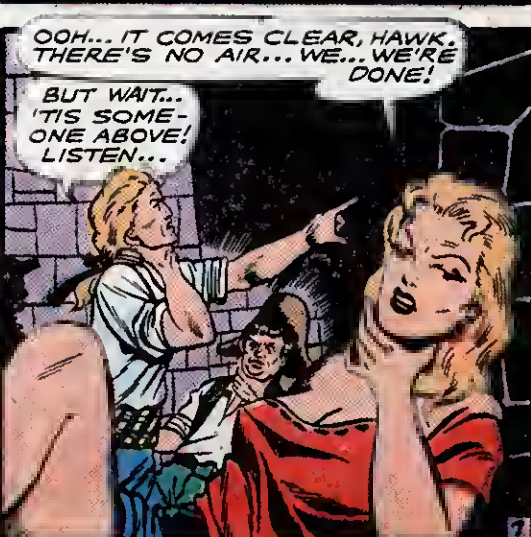
PERCHANCE OTHER SHIPS PATROL TH' CHANNEL, MEN, BUT NONE'D HALT TH' SCARLETT. QUICKLY... GET TH' GOLD ABOARD 'ER!

AN' 'TIS INTO TH' DUNGEON WITH YE SCUM!



DROPPED TH' STONE, THEY HAVE... WE'RE TRAPPED!

AN' THAT SKELETON, CAP'N... WOT'S IT MEAN?

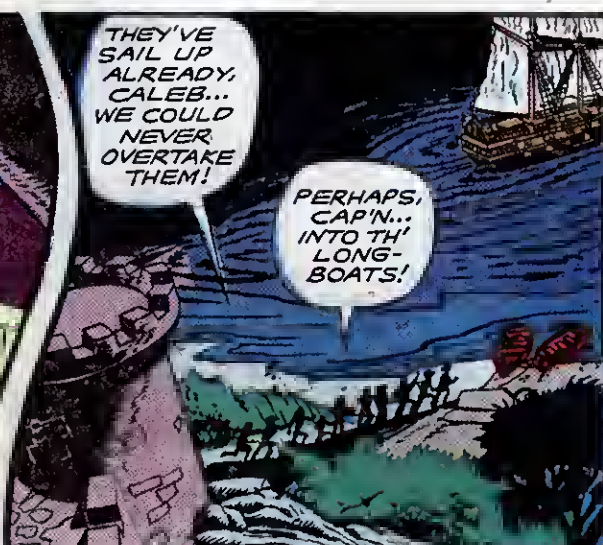


OOH... IT COMES CLEAR, HAWK. THERE'S NO AIR... WE... WE'RE DONE!

BUT WAIT... 'TIS SOME-ONE ABOVE! LISTEN...



SKIPPER! 'TIS LITTLE TIME FER WORDS! TH' REBELS LEFT YER WEAPONS ON TH' BEACH AN' TOOK THEIR BLOODY GOLD ONTO TH' OLD LADY! LOOK ALIVE...



THEY'VE SAIL UP ALREADY, CALEB... WE COULD NEVER OVERTAKE THEM!

PERHAPS, CAP'N... INTO TH' LONG-BOATS!

SWIFT SECONDS LATER...



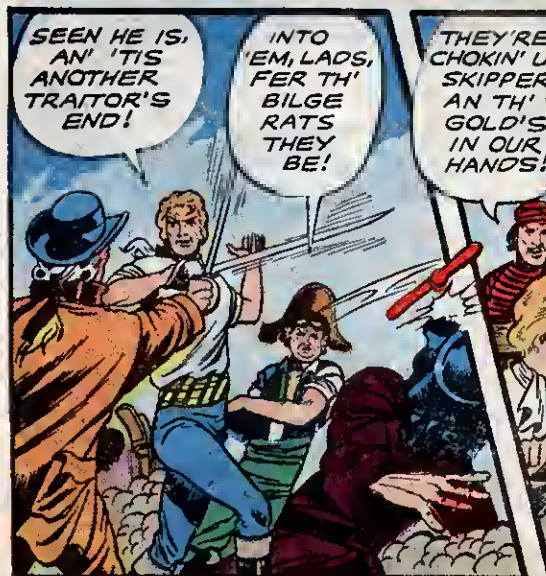
ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE TORY ARMY HAVE BEEN MADE! SOON NOW SHALL THE THRONE BE OURS, SIR CHARLES!

BESS... BESS! TH' HELM'S GONE MAD! WE BUT SAIL IN CIRCLES, AN' LONGBOATS BE COMIN' LONGSIDE!



THE HAWK! AND HIS MATE! BUT IT CAN'T BE... TH' OLD ONE DIED!

THEN 'T WAS ME GHOST WHO CUT TH' SHIP'S RUDDER LINE, YE VIXEN! AVAST, SKIPPER... SIR CHARLES!

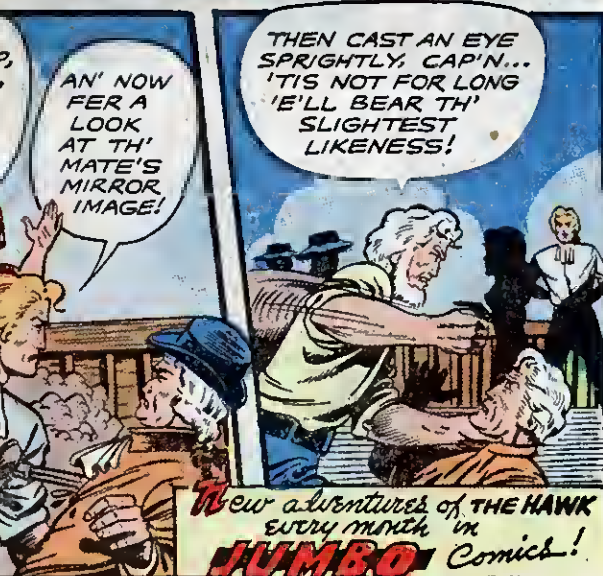


SEEN HE IS, AN' 'TIS ANOTHER TRAITOR'S END!

INTO 'EM, LADS, FER TH' BILGE RATS THEY BE!

THEY'RE CHOKIN' UP, SKIPPER, AN' TH' GOLD'S IN OUR HANDS!

AN' NOW FER A LOOK AT TH' MATE'S MIRROR IMAGE!



THEN CAST AN EYE SPRIGHTLY, CAP'N... 'TIS NOT FOR LONG 'E'LL BEAR TH' SLIGHTEST LIKENESS!

New adventures of THE HAWK every month in **JUMBO** Comics!

ZX-5

BY MAJOR
THORPE



"I HADN'T HAD A CASE SINCE A BUDDY SHIPPED ME SOME ORANGES FROM FLORIDA. AND, BROTHER, I WAS REALLY OUT OF PRACTICE SOLVING THINGS... INCLUDING HOW TO PAY THE RENT..."

OKAY, SLEUTH,
RIDDLE ME THIS:
JUST HOW DO YOU
STRETCH THIRTY-
FIVE CENTS INTO
A LIVING
WAGE?



THE DOOR...
A CLIENT...
SAY, WHAT TH...

REACH,
YOU!



THE GUY WAS REALLY LEVELING WITH THAT HEATED... SO THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT APPLY A LITTLE JUDO LEFT OVER FROM THE WAR..."





NOW, MISTER,
YOU'D BETTER
HAVE A YARN
TO GO WITH
THAT SCOWL!



I HAVE, INDEED! YOU
SEE, ZX, I WANT TO
HIRE YOU... AND
MERELY WISHED TO
SEE IF YOU WERE AS
GOOD AS YOUR REP..
YOU ARE!



"YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED
ME OVER WITH A DAY OLD
FINGERPRINT WHEN..."

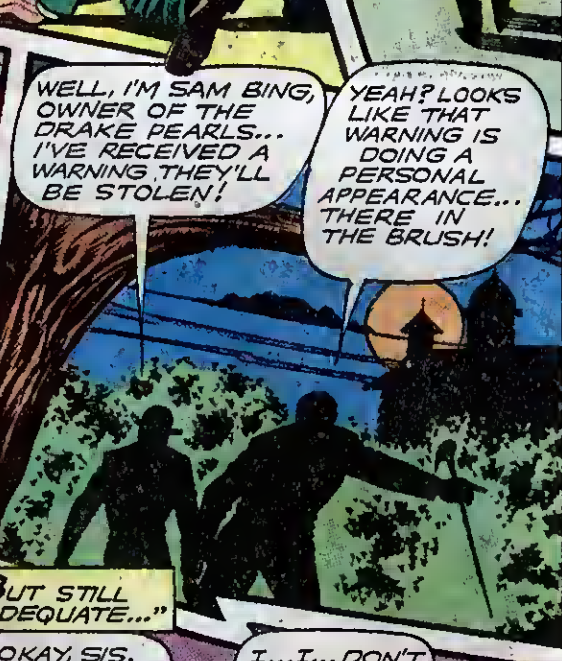
YOU WON'T GIVE
DETAILS UNTIL
WE GET TO
YOUR SHACK?
WELL, OKAY.



"AND THE HOUSE WAS
STRICTLY OUT OF AN
ULTRA-EXCLUSIVE
TAX BRACKET. I MEN-
TALLY ADDED SOME
ZEREOES TO MY FEE, AS..."

RECORD A
REOUNDING
YES TO THAT
QUESTION,
MISTER B.!

NOW THEN, ZX,
I GUESS YOU
WONDER WHY
ALL THE
MYSTERY?



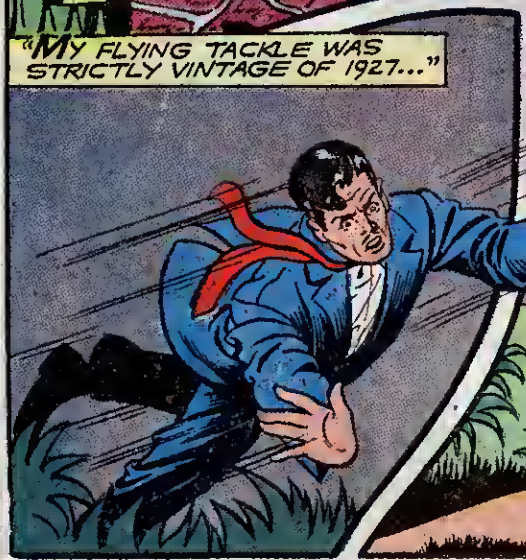
WELL, I'M SAM BING,
OWNER OF THE
DRAKE PEARLS...
I'VE RECEIVED A
WARNING THEY'LL
BE STOLEN!

YEAH? LOOKS
LIKE THAT
WARNING IS
DOING A
PERSONAL
APPEARANCE...
THERE IN
THE BRUSH!

"BUT STILL
ADEQUATE..."

OKAY, SIS.
WHO? WHAT?
WHEN? WHY?

I...I... DON'T
KNOW WHO
I AM!



"MY FLYING TACKLE WAS
STRICTLY VINTAGE OF 1927..."



I...I... JUST SEEMED TO BLACK OUT. CAN'T REMEMBER MY NAME... OR WHERE I'M FROM. PLEASE HELP ME.

AMNESIA!

"IT SEEMED AS IF LITTLE MISS NOBODY WASN'T THE ONLY ONE OF OUR SET HAVING A VAGUE EVENING, FOR..."

SHE'LL JUST HAVE TO STAY THE NIGHT THEN.

"BUT IT WAS BING'S HOUSE...AND GESTURE. YET I FELT WE HAD MET BEFORE... AND NOT AT A CHURCH SOCIAL."

YOU'RE VERY KIND. GOOD NIGHT.

AND I DO MEAN KIND! THE SIMPS FELL FOR IT... AND THERE'RE THE DRAKE PEARLS. OH, PEACHY, PEACHY.

LOOK, Z.X. NOW YOU'LL UNDERSTAND MY WORRY. DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THEM?

NO... BUT I HAVE SEEN THE GAL. WHERE?

PRETTY PHIZ IS HE? EH? I GOTTA MOVE FAST.

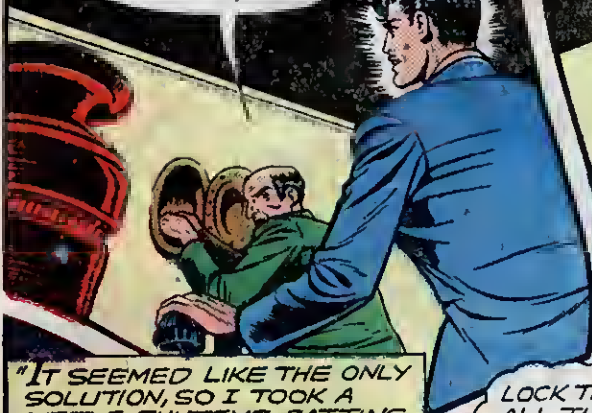
POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, PLEASE.

WAIT! I'VE GOT IT! SHE'S SOLOED ON SEVERAL POLICE BLOTTERS... AKRON ANNIE!



BUT I WASN'T CONTACTING THE BOYS AT THE ARREST FACTORY THAT NIGHT, FOR...

OH...ER, I FORGOT TO MENTION THE PHONE'S BEEN ON THE BUM ALL DAY.



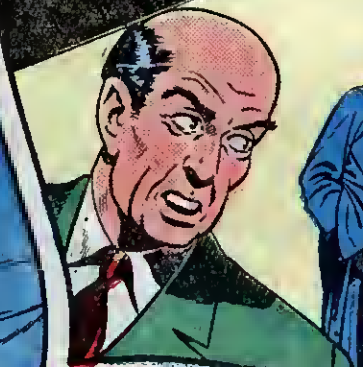
"IT SEEMED LIKE THE ONLY SOLUTION, SO I TOOK A LITTLE SHUTEYE BATTLING PRACTICE..."

MAYBE ANNIE REALLY HAS AMNESIA... COULD BE...



I'VE PUT THE PEARLS AWAY. AND I'LL LOCK HER IN. WE'LL GET THE POLICE IN THE MORNING.

OKAY. I ONLY WORK HERE.



LOCK THE ROOM ALL THEY WANT... ANNIE ISN'T THERE... AND THE SHAMUS SHOULD BE ASLEEP BY NOW.

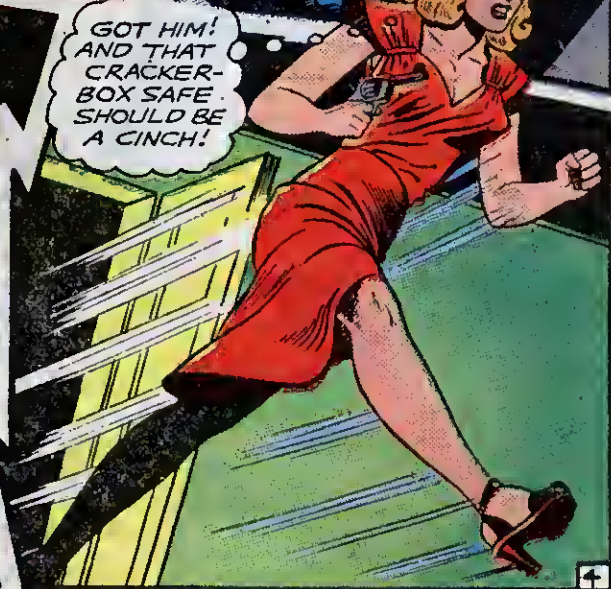
HE IS... AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT MAKING IT PERMANENT.

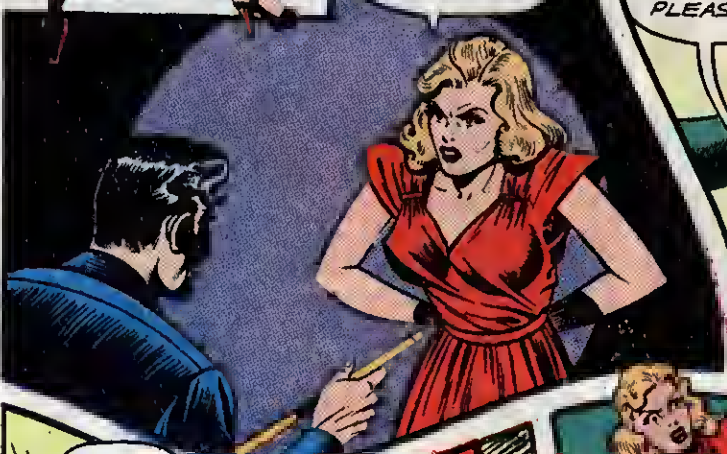
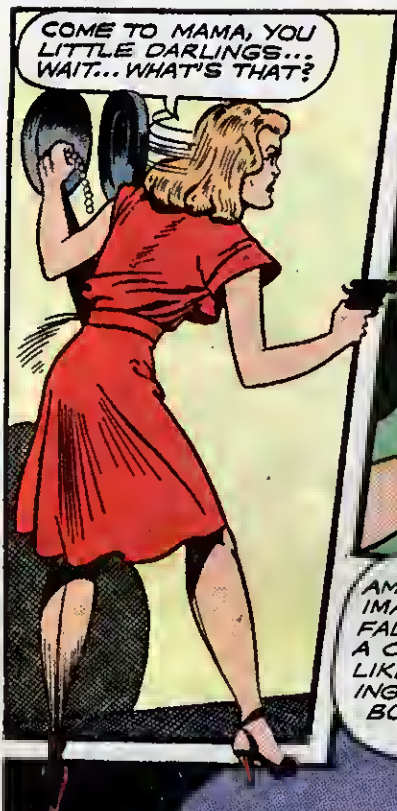


YOU WON'T DO ANY MORE TELEPHONING, COPPER, UNLESS IT'S LONG DISTANCE... AWFUL LONG DISTANCE!



GOT HIM! AND THAT CRACKER-BOX SAFE SHOULD BE A CINCH!





"SECONDS LATER, I CAME TO, FEELING AS THOUGH THE ANVIL CHORUS WAS REHEARSING IN MY HEAD AND..."

THE PEARLS, ARE THEY GONE?

YOU SAW HER TAKE THEM, DIDN'T YOU, ZX?

YES...BUT THAT'S NOT ALL I SAW, MR. BING.

I ALSO SAW THROUGH YOUR READY-TO-WEAR LITTLE SWINDLE.

AND JUST AS SOON AS THE LAW AND ORDER LADDIES FETCH ANNIE, PER MY CANE-RADIO INSTRUCTIONS, I'LL UNTHICKEN THE PLOT...THE DOOR!

THANKS FOR GIVING US THE PINCH, ZX.

YOU CAN MAKE THAT ON TWO, BOYS. HERE'S WHY.

BROTHER BING KNEW ANNIE WAS AFTER HIS PEARLS, SO HE LET HER SWIPE WAX IMITATIONS. THAT WAY HE'D COLLECT THE INSURANCE AND RETAIN THE ORIGINALS. HE WANTED ME HERE TO WITNESS THE THEFT. NEAT, BUT NOT QUITE GAUDY ENOUGH.

"SO SUPER-SLEUTH SOLVED ANOTHER ONE... WITHOUT BENEFIT OF A FEE..."

OH, WELL, WHO CARES ABOUT MONEY... EXCEPT LANDLORDS.

ZX-5 IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!



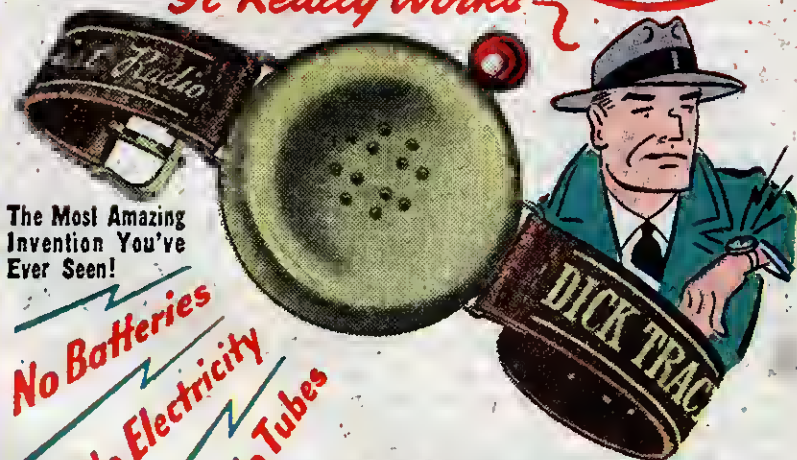
Calling All DICK TRACY Fans!
Calling All DICK TRACY Fans!

Don't Miss This Chance of a Lifetime to get your

Genuine DICK TRACY WRIST RADIO

For Only
\$3.98
 Complete with
 Aerial and
 Ground Wires

It Really Works



The Most Amazing
 Invention You've
 Ever Seen!

No Batteries
No Electricity
No Tubes

You've Seen It In The Comics...

NOW YOU CAN HAVE ONE OF YOUR VERY OWN!

Here it is, kids... the one and only DICK TRACY Wrist Radio that actually tunes in stations many miles away! And it's yours to own for only \$3.98. Just think of the fun you'll have using it... listening to ball games... getting the lowdown on things the very moment they happen, no matter where you may be! With a DICK TRACY Wrist Radio you'll immediately become the most popular kid in town... the envy of the entire neighborhood! But remember our quantity is limited, so if you want to be sure of getting yours you had better **ACT NOW!**

WEAR IT LIKE ANY WATCH... TUNE IT IN LIKE ANY RADIO

Not just a dream... but a scientific reality! At last, radio engineers have developed a radio so compact you can wear it on your wrist. Specially built-in earphone assures private reception for your ears alone, and powerful crystal detector pulls in far-off stations. Comes to you complete with amazingly compact aerial and ground connections. Amuse yourself, amaze your friends! Get on the road to popularity! Clip the handy coupon and order your DICK TRACY Wrist Radio today!

Supply Limited! Clip This Coupon and Mail!

PARKER JOHNS, Inc., OTR-19, 608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.
 Please rush my genuine DICK TRACY Wrist Radio for only \$3.98. If not delighted I will return radio within 5 days for a complete refund!

CHECK ONE ☐ I am enclosing \$3.98. Please ship postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.98 plus postage.

Residents of Illinois Please include 2% State Tax. Price in Canada add 50c. No C.O.D.'s

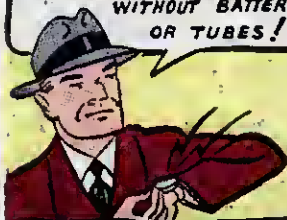
Name

Address

City Zone State



WHAT A FINE TOY THESE
 WRIST RADIOS MAKE -
 AND TO THINK THEY WORK
 WITHOUT BATTERIES
 OR TUBES!



AH! THIS PROGRAM
 COMES IN CLEAR AS
 A BELL.

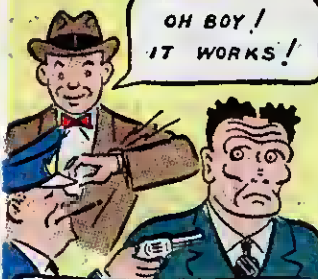


THIS METAL WINDOW
 FRAME MAKES A
 GOOD AERIAL!

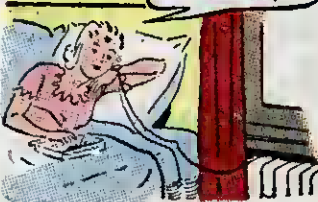


DIET SMITH GETS
 STOCK REPORTS
 ON HIS WRIST RADIO

OH BOY!
 IT WORKS!



NOW I CAN LISTEN TO MY
 FAVORITE PROGRAMS
 WITHOUT DISTURBING
 ANYONE!



SHEENA AND THE HANDS OF GREED

By W. MORGAN THOMAS

SHEENA blinked as the sharp rays of early morning sun cut through the jungle foliage. It was a clear dawn over the veldt and Sheena rubbed her eyes to a new day. Quickly she clambered down the tall beefwood tree that supported her tree hut home and ran to the bank of the swift flowing stream that coursed in a winding path through the valley.

Drawing a deep breath, Sheena paused a moment, and then gracefully plunged into the clear, tingling water. With long, easy strokes she pulled her smooth, lithe body through the bubbling rapids. It would be nice to play in such fashion all the day, thought Sheena, but there was work to be done. And where was her mate to help her? The thatch roof needed mending, the vine bridge must be repaired.

"Bob, Bob, lazy one," she called back to the tree hut. "The sun is high in the sky and yet do you sleep. Come."

As Sheena scrambled to the river bank and combed the glistening water from her shining, golden hair, a sleepy head appeared at the door of the tree hut and a grumbling mate demanded to know why his peaceful slumber had been disturbed.

"Well do you know what must be done, Bob. And while you work, I must trek to the Nozami village and hold council with their chief. When night falls, I shall return."

Waving a quick farewell, Sheena swung lightly to the leafy tree tops and disappeared into the jungle depth. Swiftly she sped along the lofty route, her keen ears ever alert to the mixed symphony of jungle sounds, and sharp eyes ever open to lurking dangers. But today only peace seemed to fill her tropic domain.

Yet suddenly she stopped short. A familiar sound of jungle peril came to her. It was a slow, steady, rattling noise that rose evenly in a threatening crescendo, ceased for a moment, and then began again its sinister rhythm. Sheena looked down. Well did she know the call of the rattling viper. He was an old enemy of the forest, but Sheena would

not have paused for such a lowly killer if something else had not caught her eye.

Barely a foot from the hungry fangs of the rattler a white man was stretched unconscious, helpless. It was not a time for jungle might or jungle prowess. In mere seconds the killer would do his work. Sheena knew that wit and not muscle must divert the coiling murderer. Rapidly she ripped a patch of bark from the limb that held her and snatched a handful of *GURU* nuts from a slender twig. Nimble fingers curled the bark to a circular cup around the brittle nuts. Clenching the bark cylinder tightly in her hand, Sheena shook it in a short vibrating motion, first slowly and then faster and faster.

Only inches from the white man far below, the slithering snake suddenly lingered, raised its head and weaved its body to and fro; nervous, fascinated. In the tree overhead he recognized the call of his mate and hesitated, for so well did Sheena understand the jungle noises, that she could easily imitate his evil rattling with the clicking nuts against the bark she held.

It gave her the precious time she needed to reach the ground. For Sheena it was now but a matter of a swift slash of her gleaming blade and the scaly rattler would kill no more. Soon it was done and Sheena turned her attention to the white man.

He was just opening his eyes and gazing in astonishment at the tall, blond girl standing over him. Turning his head, he saw the dead snake and Sheena's dripping blade. A look of deep gratefulness filled his eyes.

"You must have been just in time. I don't think I'll ever know how to thank you."

"There is no need. But tell me, what brings you to the jungle?"

"My name is Folsom. I'm a lawyer from America and have been searching a long time for a certain man. I've been told he lives here in the jungle somewhere. Anyway, the fellow has just come into great wealth. His father died about a month ago and left him a sizable

fortune. Aside from that, he is heir to a large estate and an enormous business. I must find him so that he can return to the states and manage affairs. It is a great responsibility, but he's a very lucky man. He'll be among the richest men in the country."

"And what is this man called?"

"His name? Reynolds . . . Robert Reynolds."

Sheena gasped. It was nearly impossible to believe, but she knew it was true. Bob, her Bob, now an important man in another strange world she knew nothing of, a world of white men and tall buildings, a world of strange machines and strange ways of living. Sheena knew only the jungle and the ways of the jungle. But she and Bob had been happy here together. Must her mate leave her now forever?

Sheena bowed her head and tears filled her eyes. No foe of the jungle had ever made her cry, no hidden terrors of the savage forests had ever struck fear into her heart. But to live without Bob, to go on without her faithful mate by her side sharing the great adventures of the jungle, could she bear this?

Yet she knew she was helpless to prevent his going, if it must be. She would not stand in his way. If fortune had smiled upon her mate, she would be glad for him and be thankful for the memory of happy moments spent with him in their jungle home. Sheena turned to the lawyer.

"I know this man Reynolds—I know him well. Come, I will guide you to him."

"Again I thank you. Till just before you saved my life, I had a guide, a man called Dawson. I met him on the riverboat, and he claimed to know where Mr. Reynolds lived. So naturally I took him at his word. At the spot where you found me he began to quarrel for no reason, knocked me out with his revolver butt and left me to die. I cannot understand it. I haven't been robbed. But let us go before evening falls."

With a heart heavy with misery, Sheena led the lawyer down a twisting jungle path toward the tree hut she had left in gay spirit only a short while before. The thought of parting with Bob left her glum and melancholy and she walked with dragging steps through her beloved jungle. Thinking only of her own plight, Sheena was unaware of

any peril until she and the lawyer were directly before the tree hut.

It was then that a curt voice barked an order and Sheena looked up, startled to see her mate facing the muzzle of a black revolver held by a grim, bearded white man with the dark look of death clouding his glinting, beady eyes. The lawyer at her side paused in astonishment.

"Dawson!"

"Yes, Folsom. I can't say I'm glad to see you alive. Now both of you get over here with the unfortunate Mr. Reynolds. You will have the honor of sharing his fate. You see, I intend to be the only one leaving this jungle alive."

No longer did Sheena consider her own sorrow. It was the very life of her mate that now stood at stake. Indeed three lives depended on the dread skill that had made her queen of the jungle. Dawson raised his revolver. In his evil stare Sheena saw reflected the same murderous intent she had seen in the eyes of the viper she had destroyed to save the lawyer's life.

The rattling viper! Could not this killer also be destroyed as the coiling one? A slim chance, but . . . Sheena slowly reached into a pouch of her leopard pelt. No, luckily she had not discarded the *GURU* nuts and the section of bark. Holding the bark cup behind her, Sheena began the slow, deadly rattle of the striking killer snake. Dawson whirled, fright written in every line of his face.

"A rattler! Where . . . ?"

He never finished. The glittering, razor-sharp blade of Sheena was already buried in his throat. As Sheena gazed down on his lifeless form, Bob put a gentle arm about her waist.

"It should have been done long ago, Sheena. His name is not Dawson. I'm ashamed to admit his name is Reynolds, Paul Reynolds, a distant cousin of mine. With me dead he would have inherited my father's fortune. Foolish man, I had no intentions of claiming it. My home is here in the jungle—with you, my Sheena."

It was now Folsom who spoke.

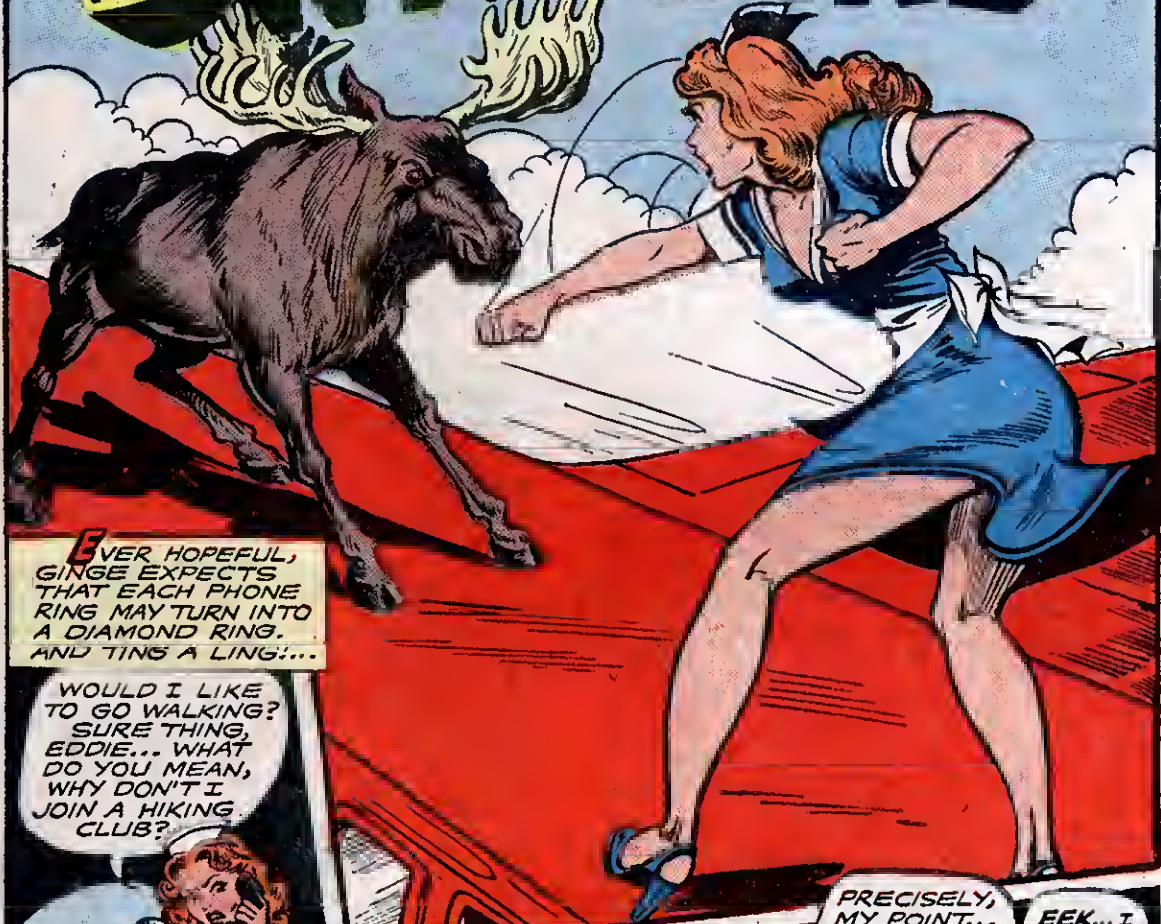
"But, Mr. Reynolds, the estate . . . what will I tell them?"

"Tell them . . . tell them you never found me."

— THE END —

SKY GIRL

BY
BILL
GIBSON



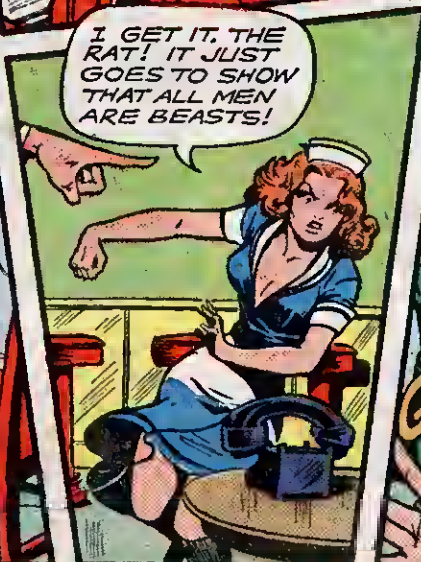
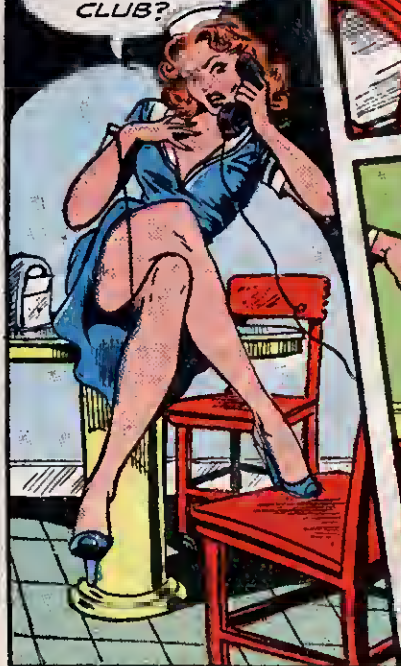
EVER HOPEFUL,
GINGE EXPECTS
THAT EACH PHONE
RING MAY TURN INTO
A DIAMOND RING.
AND TING A LING!...

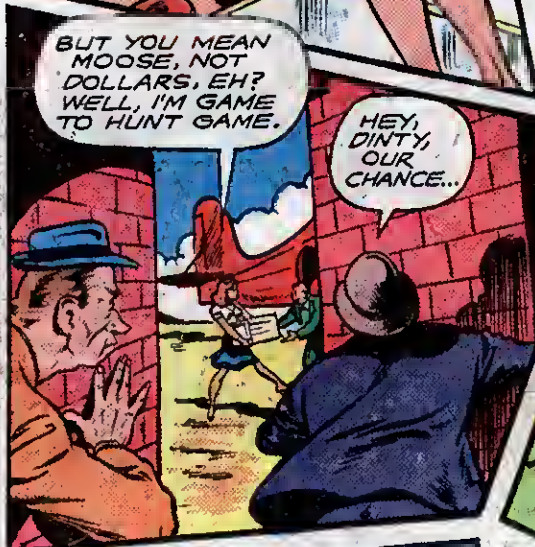
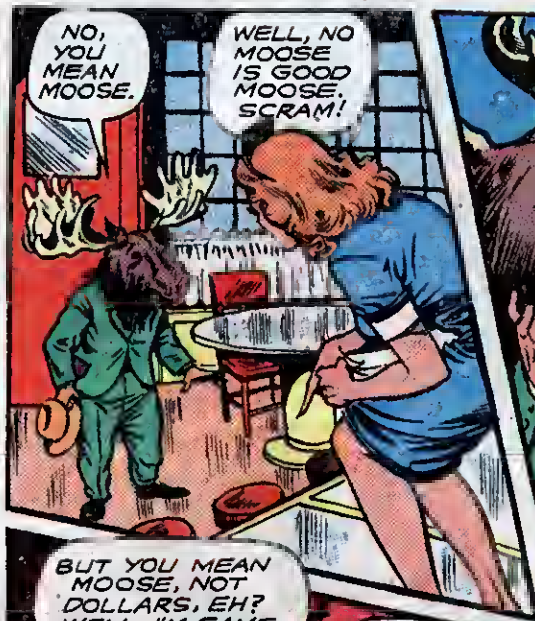
WOULD I LIKE
TO GO WALKING?
SURE THING,
EDDIE... WHAT
DO YOU MEAN,
WHY DON'T I
JOIN A HIKING
CLUB?

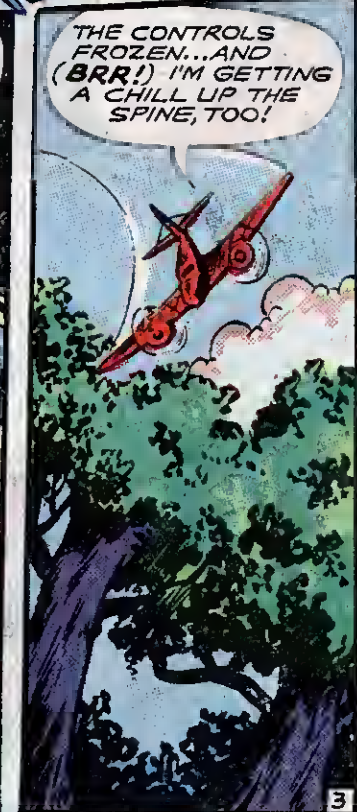
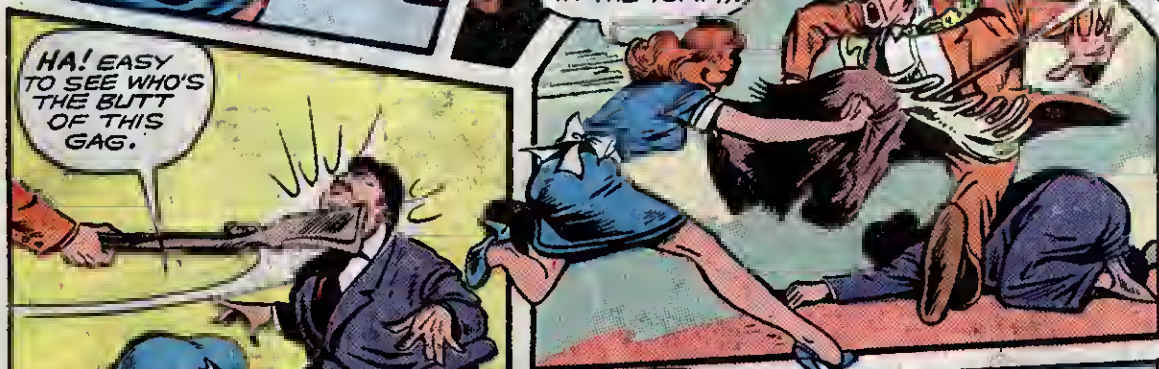
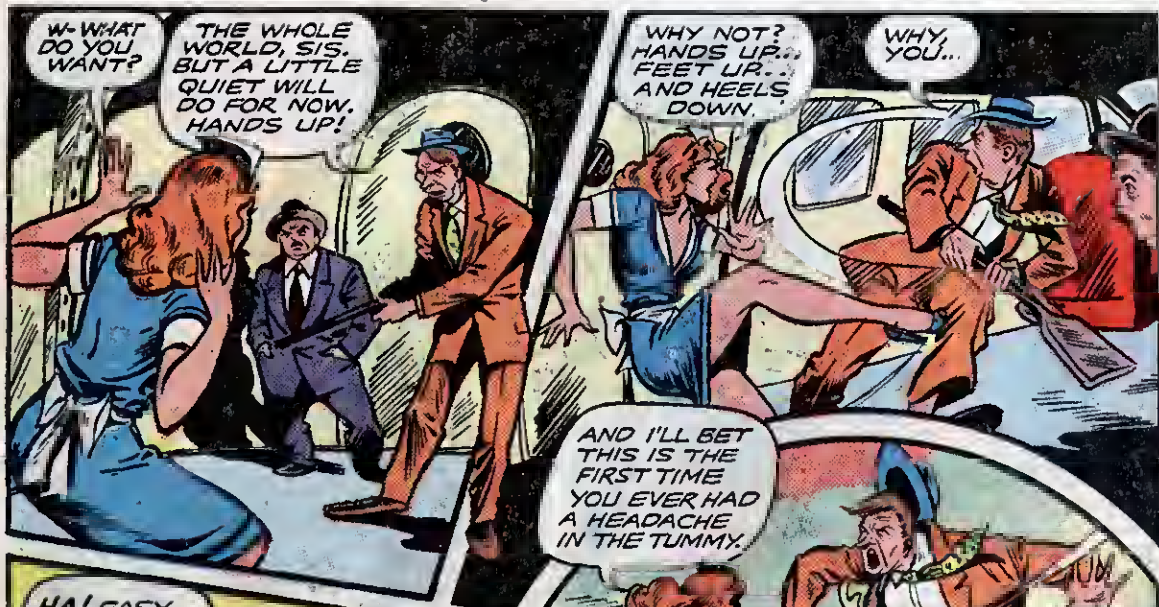
I GET IT, THE
RAT! IT JUST
GOES TO SHOW
THAT ALL MEN
ARE BEASTS!

PRECISELY,
MY POINT...
OR PERHAPS,
I SHOULD
SAY, MY
ANTLERS.

EEK... I
MEAN
ELK!







THE BOARD... BUT
I CAN'T SAY I'M
BORED... IT'S
MUCH TOO EX-
CITING... PERHAPS
THIS BUTTON.



LANDING...
AND NOW
TO LAND
THOSE
YEGGS.



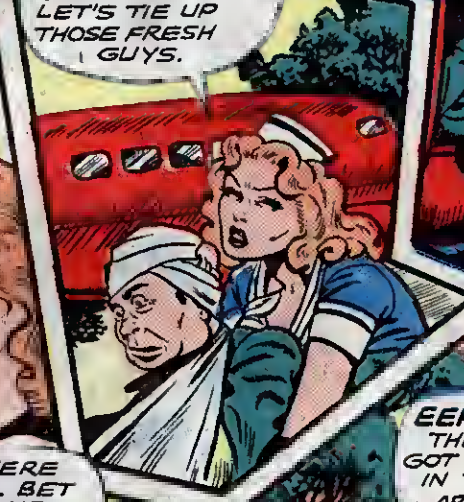
BUT I'D
BETTER
GIVE MY
AIDE FIRST.



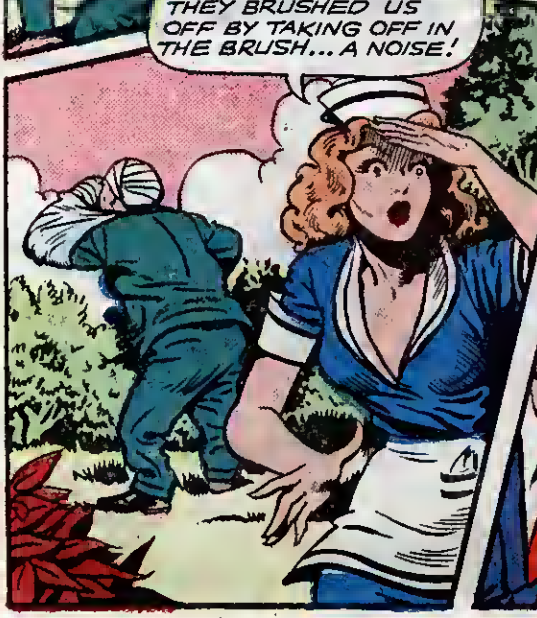
SAY, WHAT'S THE
IDEA? THERE'S
NOTHING WRONG
WITH MY ARM.



I KNOW... BUT
I HAD ALL THAT
LOVELY BANDAGE
LEFT OVER. NOW
LET'S TIE UP
THOSE FRESH
GUYS.

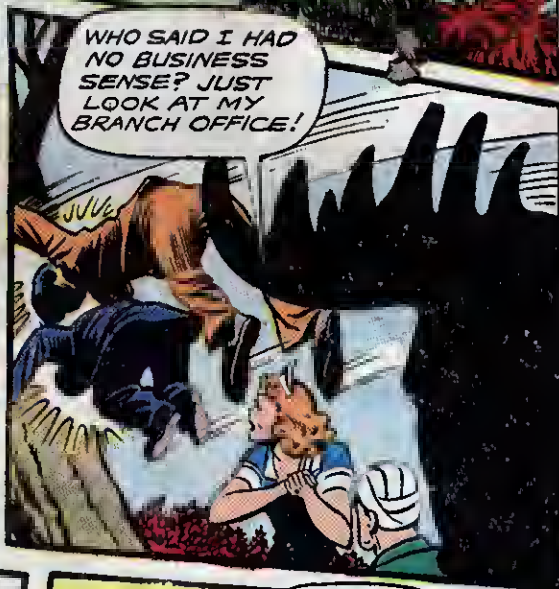


BUT... BUT WHERE
ARE THEY? I'LL BET
THEY BRUSHED US
OFF BY TAKING OFF IN
THE BRUSH... A NOISE!



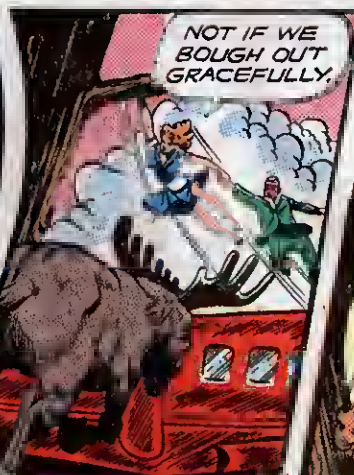
EEK! RUN...
THEY'VE
GOT ARMS
IN THEIR
ARMS!







TOO LATE, HE'LL GET US.



NOT IF WE BOUGH OUT GRACEFULLY.



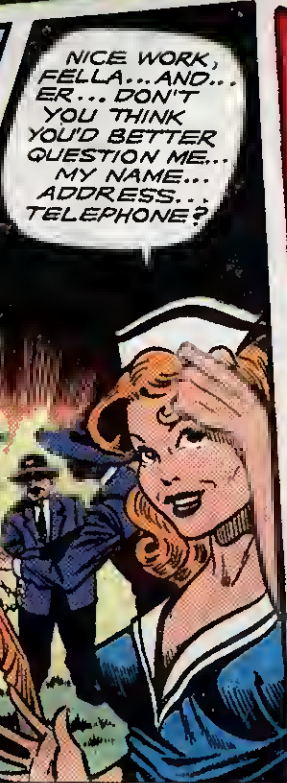
THAT WAS A BREAK... BUT EEEK!... IT'S GONNA BE TWINS. THE LIMB'S CRACKING. SOMEONE COMING.



A STATE TROOPER. JUST WHAT WE NEED IN OUR PRESENT STATE!



I USUALLY DON'T GIVE GUYS GIFTS ON SUCH SHORT ACQUAINTANCE, BUT I'LL DONATE YOU A COUPLE OF CROOKS.



NICE WORK, FELLA... AND... ER... DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER QUESTION ME... MY NAME... ADDRESS... TELEPHONE?



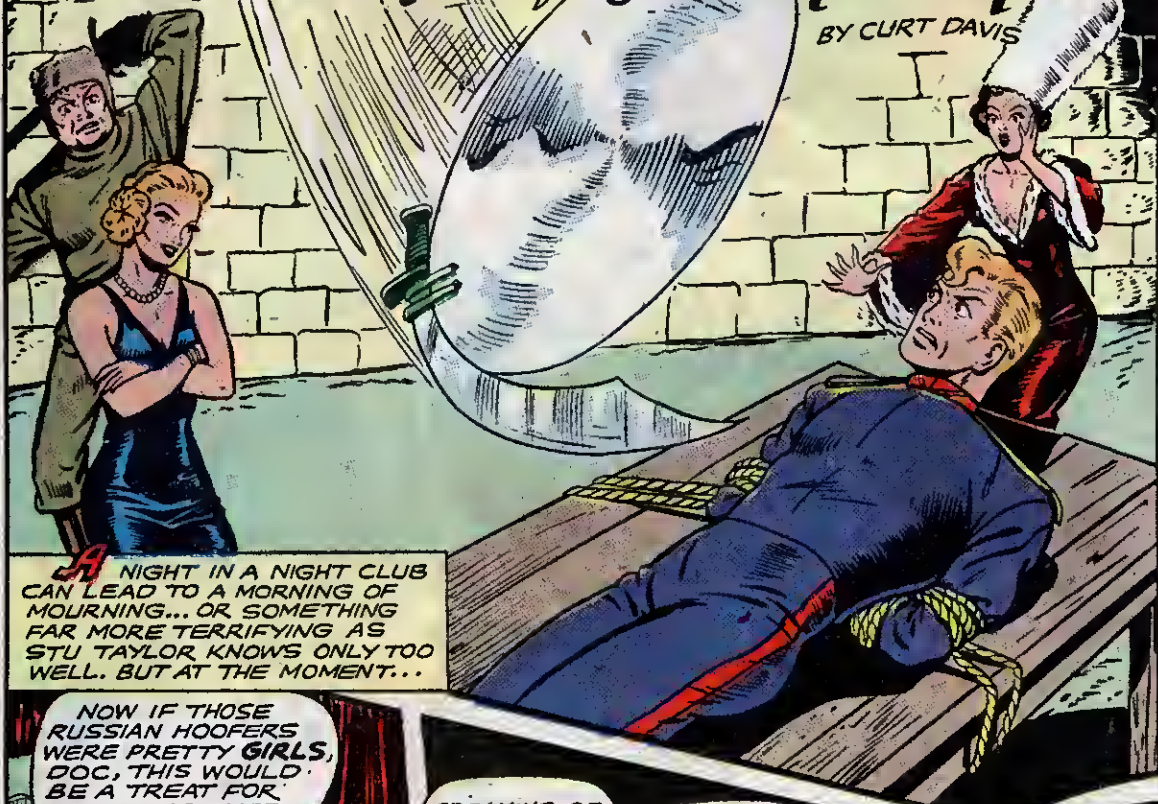
MMM... HE CAN HOLD ME AS A WITNESS ANY OLD DAY.

SKY GIRL IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comic!

Stuart TAYLOR

WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

BY CURT DAVIS



A NIGHT IN A NIGHT CLUB CAN LEAD TO A MORNING OF MOURNING... OR SOMETHING FAR MORE TERRIFYING AS STU TAYLOR KNOWS ONLY TOO WELL. BUT AT THE MOMENT...

NOW IF THOSE RUSSIAN HOOVERS WERE PRETTY GIRLS, DOC, THIS WOULD BE A TREAT FOR OLD STU'S EYES.

SPEAKING OF TREATS, HOW ABOUT YOU AND LAURA MEETING THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RUSSIAN OF THEM ALL?

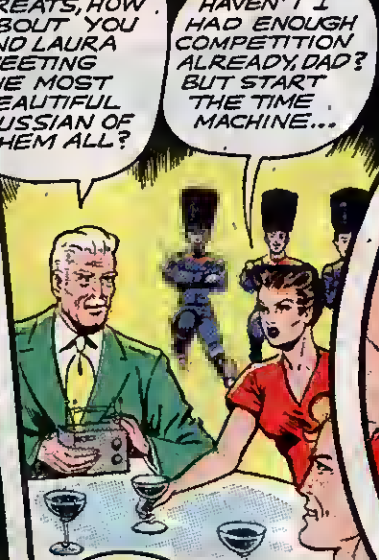
HAVEN'T I HAD ENOUGH COMPETITION ALREADY, DAD? BUT START THE TIME MACHINE...

...AND LET'S GO BACK.

18th CENTURY

19th

20th



BACK TO 18TH CENTURY RUSSIA...

CATHERINE
THE GREAT!
THIS IS A
RACKET.

WHAT STRANGE COSTUMES!
WHO MAY YOU BE, HANDSOME
ONE?

A REFUGEE
FROM THE 20TH
CENTURY, BEAUTIFUL.
STU TAYLOR AT
YOUR SERVICE.

HMM!

GENERAL
BORSKI WILL
PAY WELL FOR
THE DEATH OF
CATHERINE,
AND WHEN HE
SEIZES THE
THRONE...

HE WILL MAKE
ME HIS ARCH-
DUKE... DIE,
QUEEN!

IT LOOKS AS
IF STU CAN BE
OF SERVICE.
WATCH OUT!

THAT SHAVE
WAS TOO CLOSE,
CATHY!

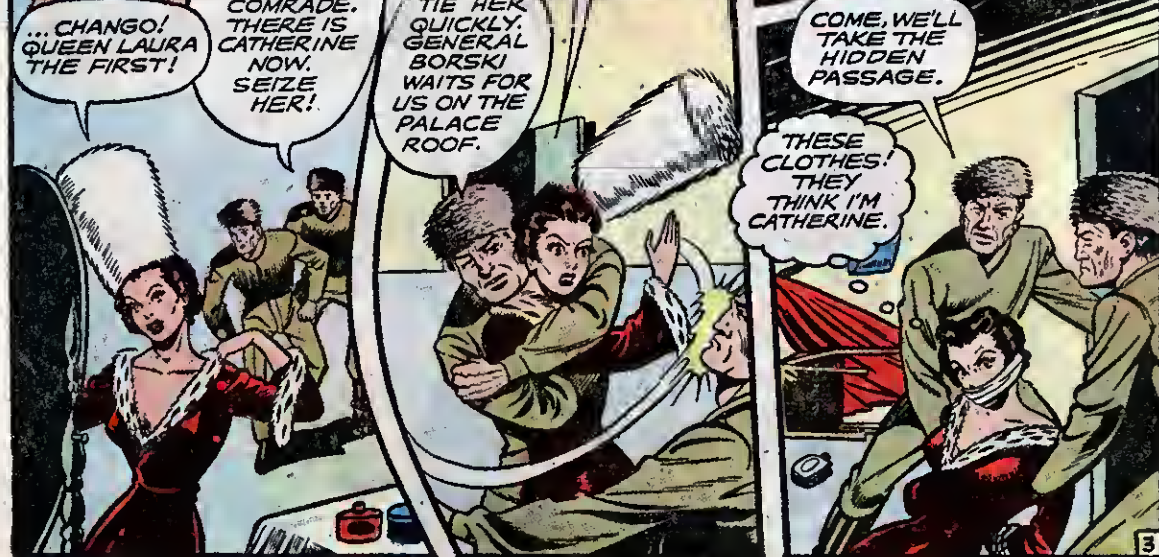
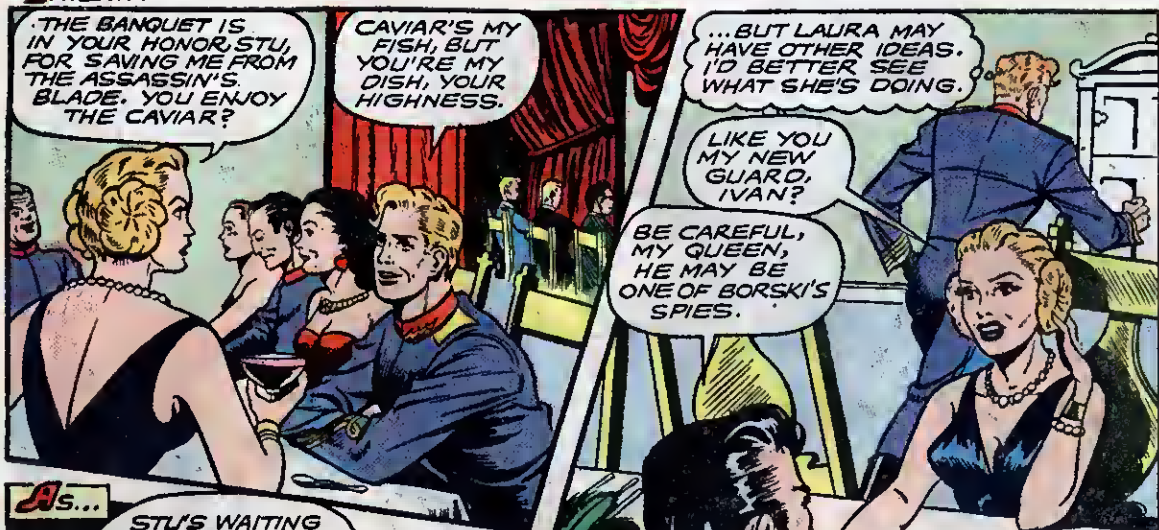
ONE OF THE
TRAITOR
BORSKI'S MEN. CALL
THE GUARDS!

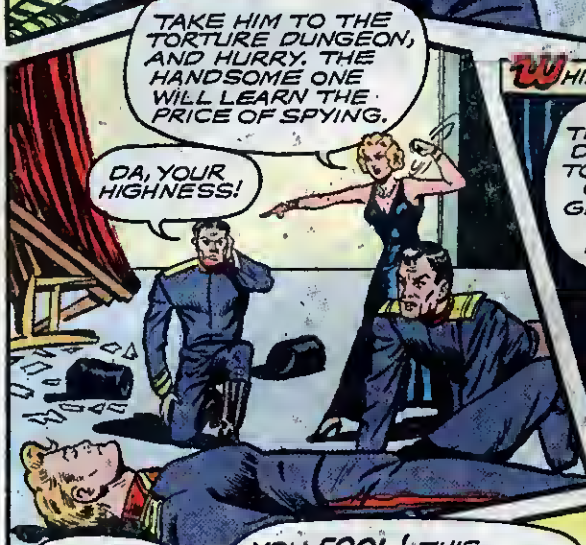
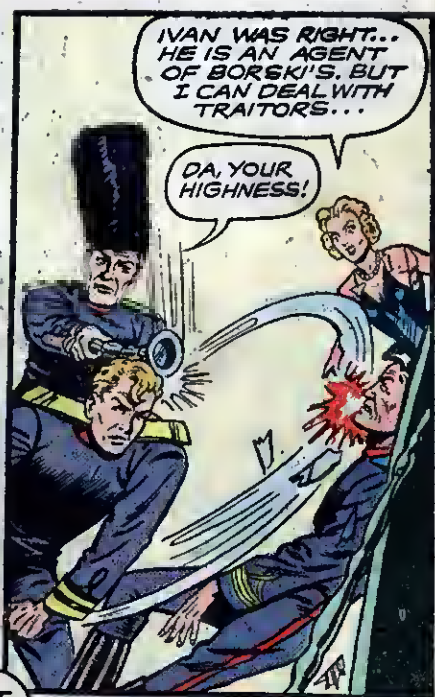
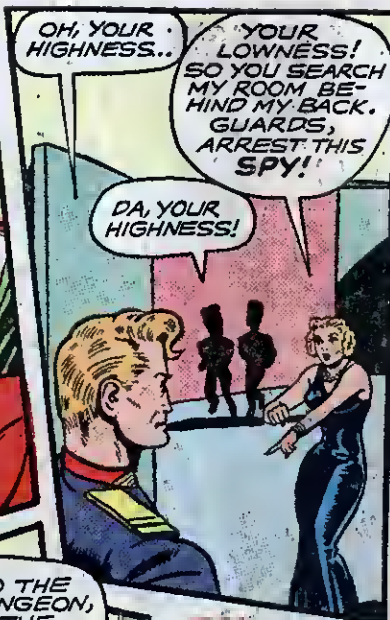
CALL NO ONE...
I'LL HANDLE
THIS MUG
MYSELF!

YOU HANDLE
WELL, STU...
AND FOR THAT
I DUB THEE A
ROYAL GUARD.

AND
WHAT
DO I
GET
OUT
OF
THIS?

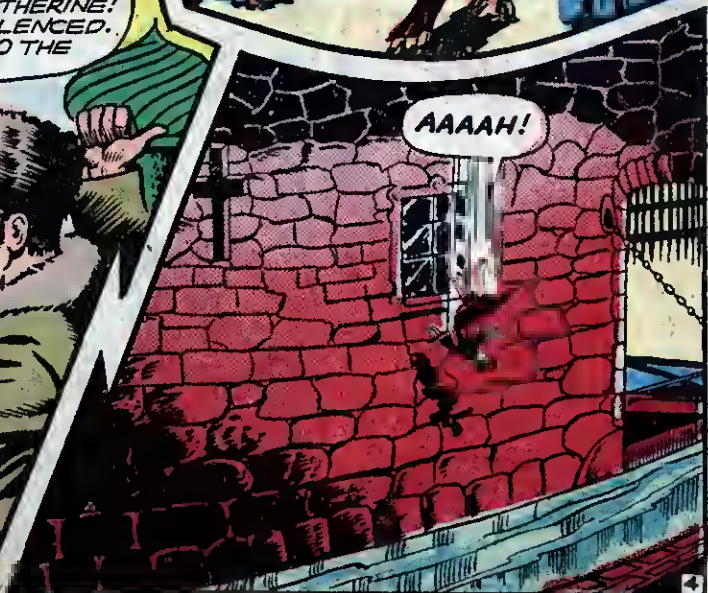
LATER...

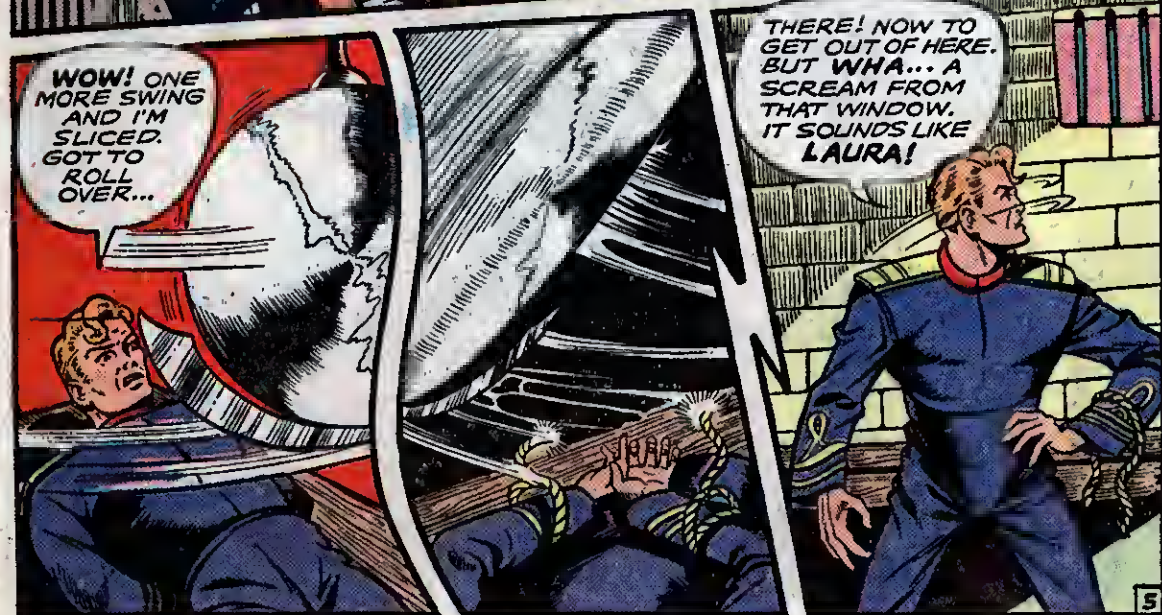
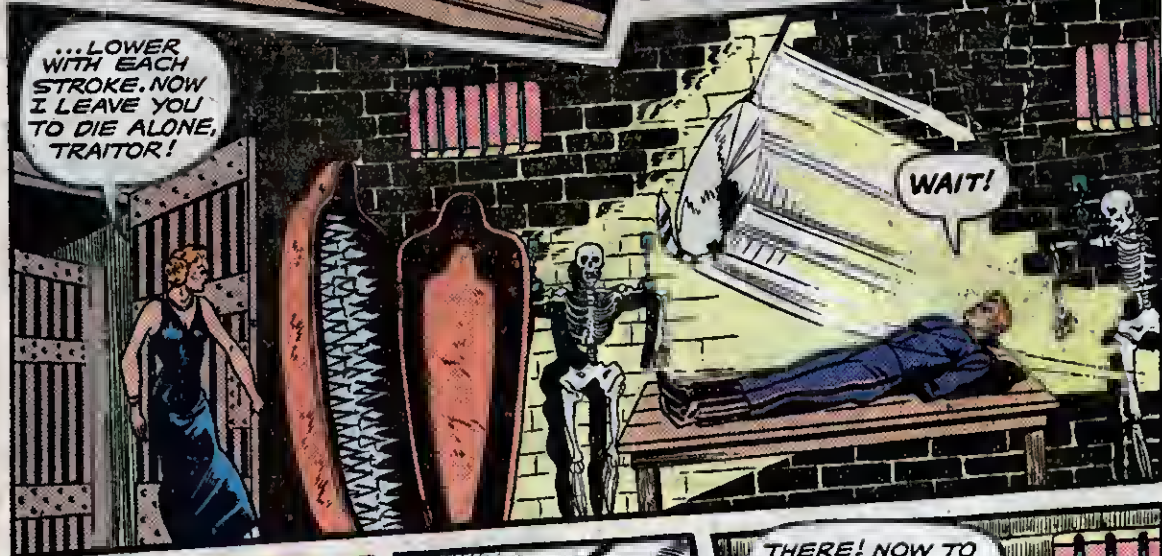
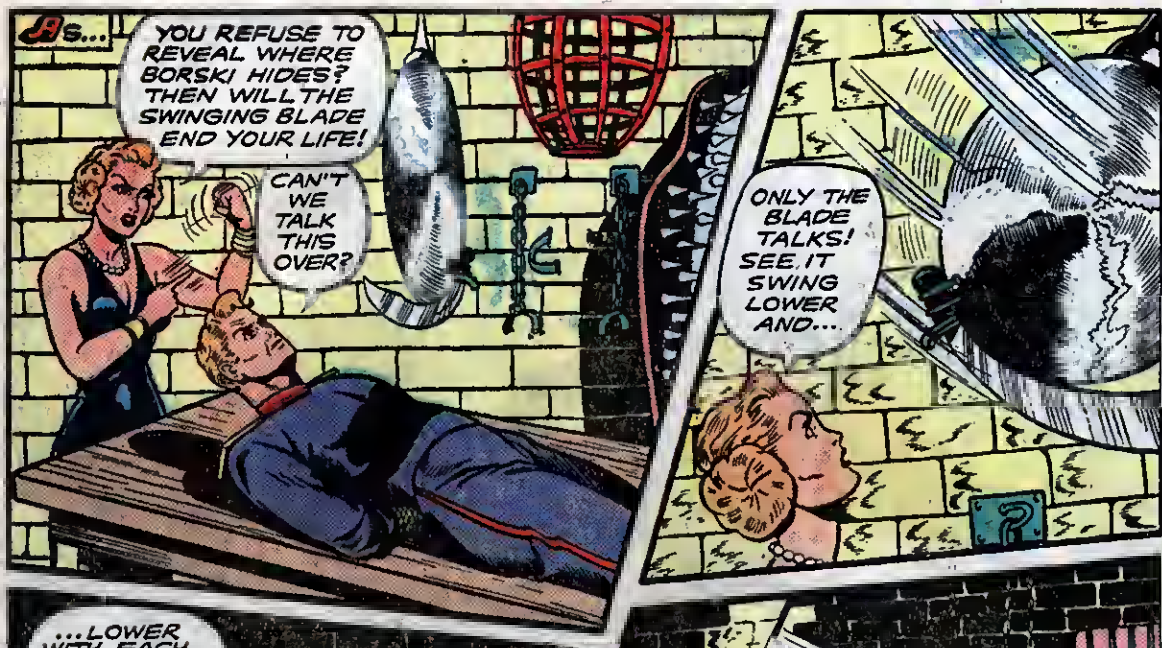




WHILE...

THE SECRET DOOR. NOW TO THE ROOF, COMRADE. GREAT WILL BE OUR REWARD.





SWIFTLY...

LAURA! SO...AFTER CATHERINE MADE WITH THE BLADE, SHE LEFT YOU TO SINK IN THE DRINK.

N-N-NOT CATHERINE... BORSKI!... MUST WARN QUEEN... ROOF... GET TO SECRET DOOR...

SHE'S SERIOUS, BUT DELIRIOUS.

WHEN BORSKI FOUND I WASN'T QUEEN, HE TRIED TO KILL ME SO I COULDN'T REVEAL THIS PASSAGE. BUT COME QUICKLY...

IF THIS IS A TRICK...

BORSKI!

GET SET FOR THE BUM'S RUSH, YOU RUSSIAN BUM!

NO!

YES! AND TAILORED BY TAYLOR.

A CLICK OF THE TIME MACHINE AND...

THAT SHOULD CONVINCE YOU OLD STU IS NO STOOGES, YOUR HIGHNESS.

FORGIVE ME. I AM MOST GRATEFUL TO YOU BOTH.

BUT NOW WE HAVE A DATE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

I WAS CATHERINE AND IT'S NOT SO GREAT, EH, STU?

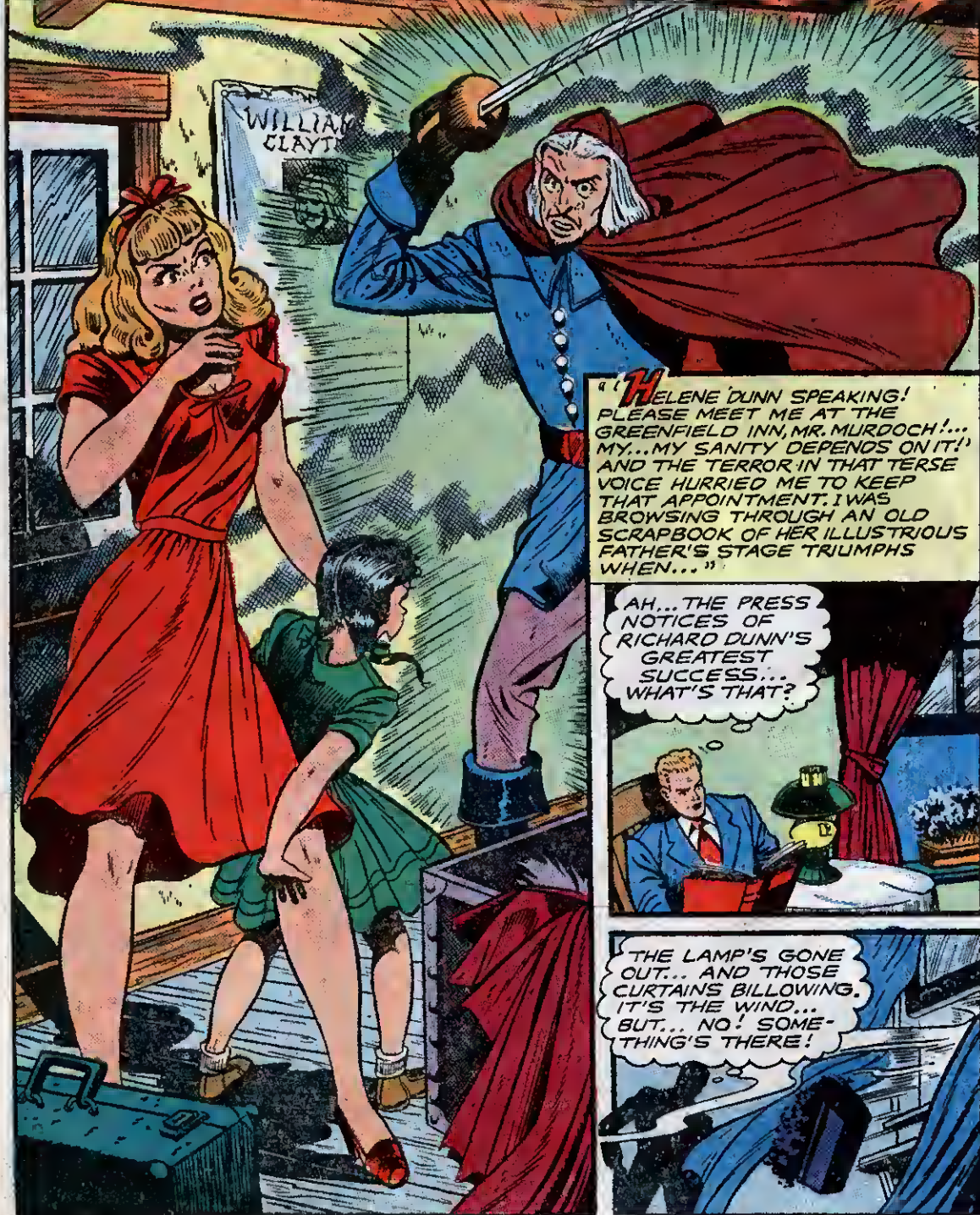
DA, YOUR HIGHNESS.

HOW WAS CATHERINE THE GREAT?

STUART TAYLOR IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

THE GHOST GALLERY

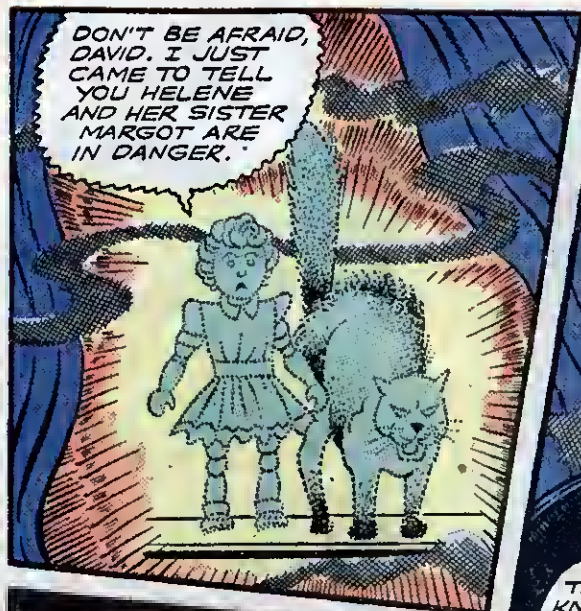
BY DREW MURDOCH



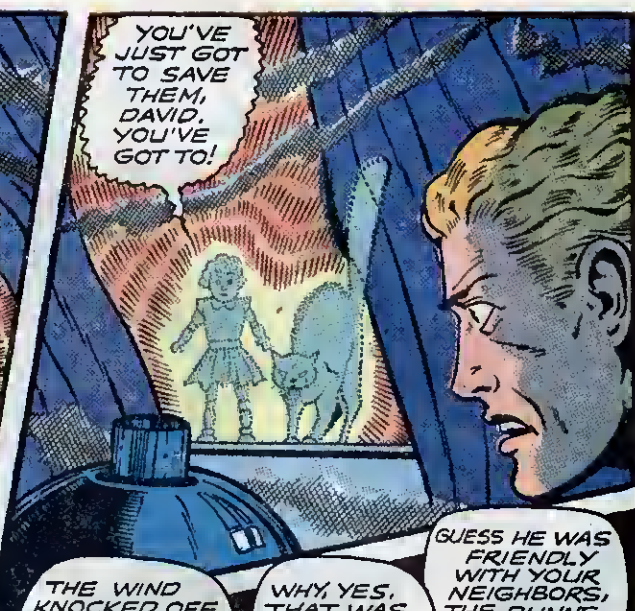
"HELENE DUNN SPEAKING!
PLEASE MEET ME AT THE
GREENFIELD INN, MR. MURDOCH!...
MY...MY SANITY DEPENDS ON IT!"
AND THE TERROR IN THAT TERSE
VOICE HURRIED ME TO KEEP
THAT APPOINTMENT. I WAS
BROWSING THROUGH AN OLD
SCRAPBOOK OF HER ILLUSTRIOUS
FATHER'S STAGE TRIUMPHS
WHEN..."

AH...THE PRESS
NOTICES OF
RICHARD DUNN'S
GREATEST
SUCCESS...
WHAT'S THAT?

THE LAMP'S GONE
OUT... AND THOSE
CURTAINS BILLOWING.
IT'S THE WIND...
BUT... NO! SOME-
THING'S THERE!



DON'T BE AFRAID, DAVID. I JUST CAME TO TELL YOU HELENE AND HER SISTER MARGOT ARE IN DANGER.



YOU'VE JUST GOT TO SAVE THEM, DAVID. YOU'VE GOT TO!



IT'S GONE! PERHAPS IT WAS JUST A DREAM! SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.



I HEARD A NOISE, MISTER MURDOCH.

THE WIND KNOCKED OFF THE WINDOW-BOX, MR. INN-KEEPER. BUT TELL ME, DID YOU KNOW ANYONE NAMED DAVID?

WHY, YES, THAT WAS MY SON'S NAME, HE DIED TWO YEARS AGO.

GUESS HE WAS FRIENDLY WITH YOUR NEIGHBORS, THE DUNNS, BUT LISTEN! WHO'S THAT?



SAVE ME, MR. MURDOCH. I SAW MY FATHER AGAIN. HE'S HAUNTING ME!



I... I'M HELENE DUNN. SAM AND I WERE AT THE SUMMER HOUSE WHEN...

NO, HELENE, IT ISN'T BECAUSE YOUR FATHER WAS AN ECCENTRIC THAT I POSTPONED OUR WEDDING. IT'S BECAUSE I CAN'T AFFORD... HEY... WHAT TH...!

IT'S A LIE, SAM! YOU'RE ALWAYS HINTING THAT DAD WAS CRAZY! I WON'T STAND FOR IT!

AH, HELENE, I'M SORRY. YOUR AUNT WAS YOUR FATHER'S OWN SISTER AND EVEN SHE SAYS IT.

I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! MR. SAM ROSS. GOOD EVENING!

IF MR. MURDOCH GOT MY LETTER, HE'LL BE AT THE INN. I'M GOING TO SEE HIM NOW. OHHH!

AH, DAUGHTER, 'TIS THY FATHER. THOU MUST DIE AND JOIN ME IN THE SHADOW WORLD.

PLEASE, FATHER, DON'T KILL ME! HELP!

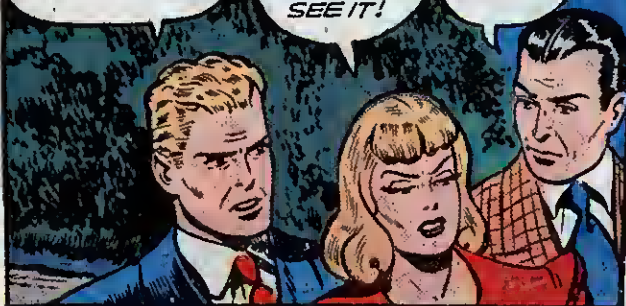
AND THEN SAM CAME, EH, HELENE?.. AND THE APPARITION DISAPPEARED?

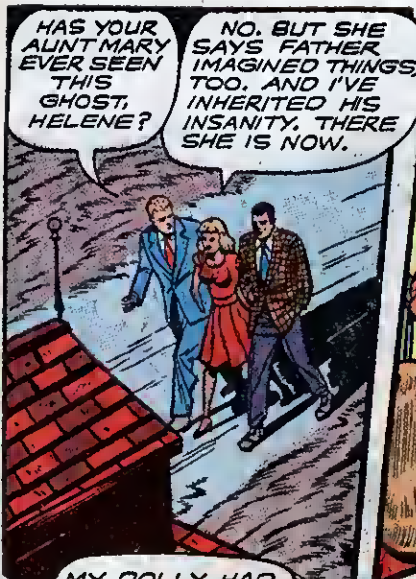
YES, MR. MURDOCH, BUT SAM WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME. HE DIDN'T SEE IT!

COME, HELENE, WE'LL TAKE YOU HOME!

I'M AFRAID SHE'S LOSING HER MIND, MR. MURDOCH. THERE WAS NOTHING THERE, I SWEAR IT!

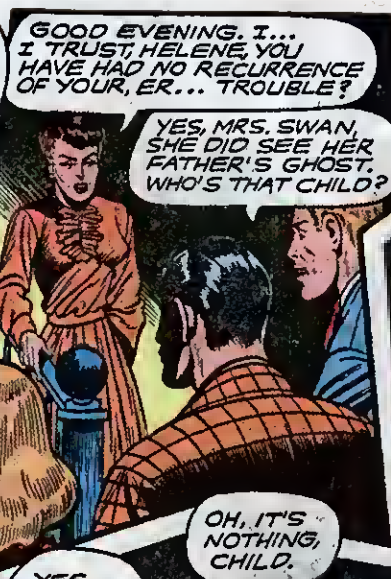
SHHH... DON'T LET HER HEAR YOU.





HAS YOUR AUNT MARY EVER SEEN THIS GHOST, HELENE?

NO. BUT SHE SAYS FATHER IMAGINED THINGS, TOO. AND I'VE INHERITED HIS INSANITY. THERE SHE IS NOW.



GOOD EVENING. I... I TRUST, HELENE, YOU HAVE HAD NO RECURRENCE OF YOUR, ER... TROUBLE?

YES, MRS. SWAN, SHE DID SEE HER FATHER'S GHOST. WHO'S THAT CHILD?



WHY, IT'S MARGOT, HELENE'S SISTER. WHAT DO YOU WANT, CHILD?

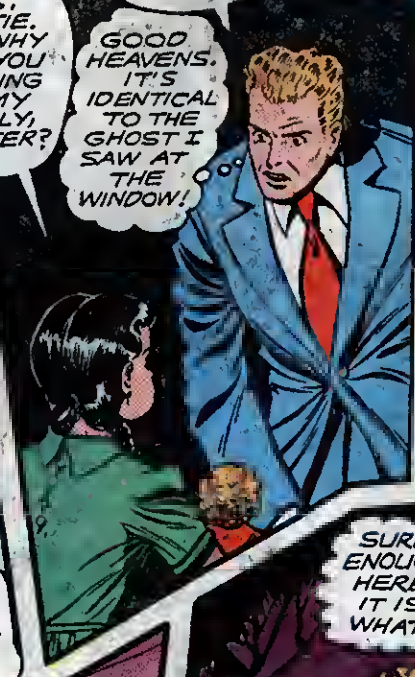


MY DOLLY HAD A HEADACHE, AUNT MARY.

GO UPSTAIRS TO BED INSTANTLY, YOUNG LADY. GO ALONG NOW!

YES, AUNTIE. BUT WHY ARE YOU STARING AT MY DOLLY, MISTER?

GOOD HEAVENS. IT'S IDENTICAL TO THE GHOST I SAW AT THE WINDOW!



OH, IT'S NOTHING, CHILD.

"THE NEXT EVENING, I STOPPED IN AT THE CHURCH FESTIVAL, HOPING TO FIND HELENE AND TALK TO HER PRIVATELY, BUT..."



THERE SHE IS, DANCING, SO I WON'T DISTURB HER. HUH... THE GRAVEYARD... I WONDER IF I CAN FIND HER FATHER'S GRAVE?



SURE ENOUGH, HERE IT IS... WHAT!

RICHARD DUNN

**YOU...
YOU'RE
BACK!**

**YES. HELENE
AND HER
SISTER ARE
IN DANGER,
DAVID.**

**THEY ARE
LEAVING NOW,
DAVID. GO WITH
THEM OR THEY
WILL DIE! HURRY!**

**THE VISION'S FADING...
GONE... BUT I MUST
OBEY THE WARNING!
I'VE GOT TO FIND
HELENE. I'VE GOT TO.**

**GET IN, MARGOT.
AUNT MARY AND
SAM LEFT HALF
AN HOUR AGO.
WHO'S THAT?**

**OH,
HELENE,
MIND IF I
RIDE
WITH
YOU?**

**IT'S FATHER!
HE'S COMING AFTER
US! MUST TRY TO
PASS HIM!**

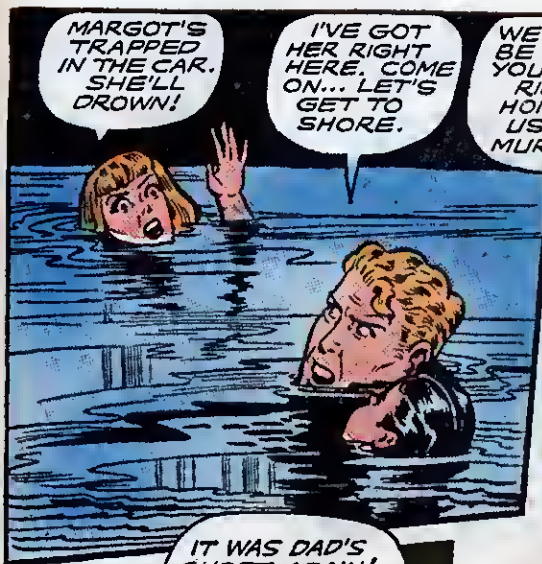
**TAKE ME
TO YOUR
HOUSE.
I WANT
TO TALK
TO YOU
ALONE.**

**CERTAINLY,
MR. MURDOCH.
AS SOON AS
I PUT MARGOT
TO BED...**

**...I'LL MEET
YOU ON
THE PORCH...
OH...
LOOK!**

**LOOK OUT,
HELENE!
TOO LATE,
WE'RE
GOING
OVER!**

**HARD
DUNN**

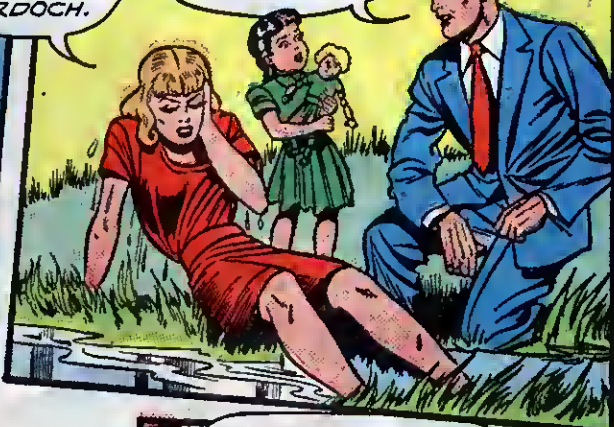


MARGOT'S TRAPPED IN THE CAR. SHE'LL DROWN!

I'VE GOT HER RIGHT HERE. COME ON... LET'S GET TO SHORE.

WE'D BOTH BE DEAD IF YOU HADN'T RIDDEN HOME WITH US, MR. MURDOCH.

DON'T THINK ABOUT THAT NOW. TELL ME WHAT YOU SAW THAT MADE YOU CRASH THE RAILING!



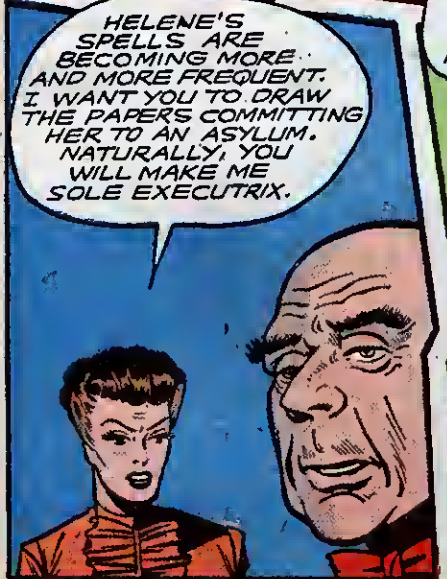
IT WAS DAD'S GHOST AGAIN! HE SWUNG DOWN IN FRONT OF ME. IF YOU DIDN'T SEE IT, THEN I MUST BE MAD!



"I DIDN'T TELL HER, BUT I, TOO, HAD GLIMPSED A GLOWING APPARITION JUST BEFORE WE HIT THE BRIDGE. SO A LITTLE LATER, I HASTENED TO HER HOUSE..."



THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE AND UN-NATURAL BEHIND ALL THIS. AH...VOICES. HELENE'S AUNT AND HER LAWYER.



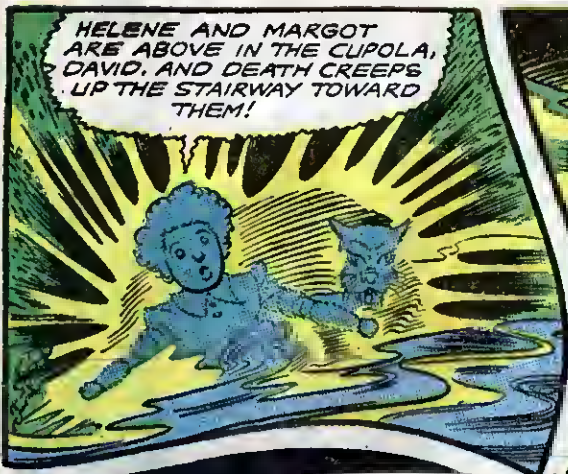
HELENE'S SPELLS ARE BECOMING MORE AND MORE FREQUENT. I WANT YOU TO DRAW THE PAPERS COMMITTING HER TO AN ASYLUM. NATURALLY, YOU WILL MAKE ME SOLE EXECUTRIX.

MEANING THAT YOU WILL HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OF HER ESTATE. IS SHE HERE?

YES, SHE'S WITH MARGOT UP IN THE CUPOLA ROOM LOOKING OVER HER FATHER'S OLD COSTUMES.

HUMPH... HELENE'S AUNT WILL CERTAINLY BENEFIT IF SHE IS JUDGED INSANE. BUT IT'S ALL PERFECTLY LEGAL... WHAT!





HELENE AND MARGOT ARE ABOVE IN THE CUPOLA, DAVID. AND DEATH CREEPS UP THE STAIRWAY TOWARD THEM!



CLIMB THE TRELLIS, DAVID, GET TO THEM BEFORE IT STRIKES! CLIMB, DAVID, CLIMB!

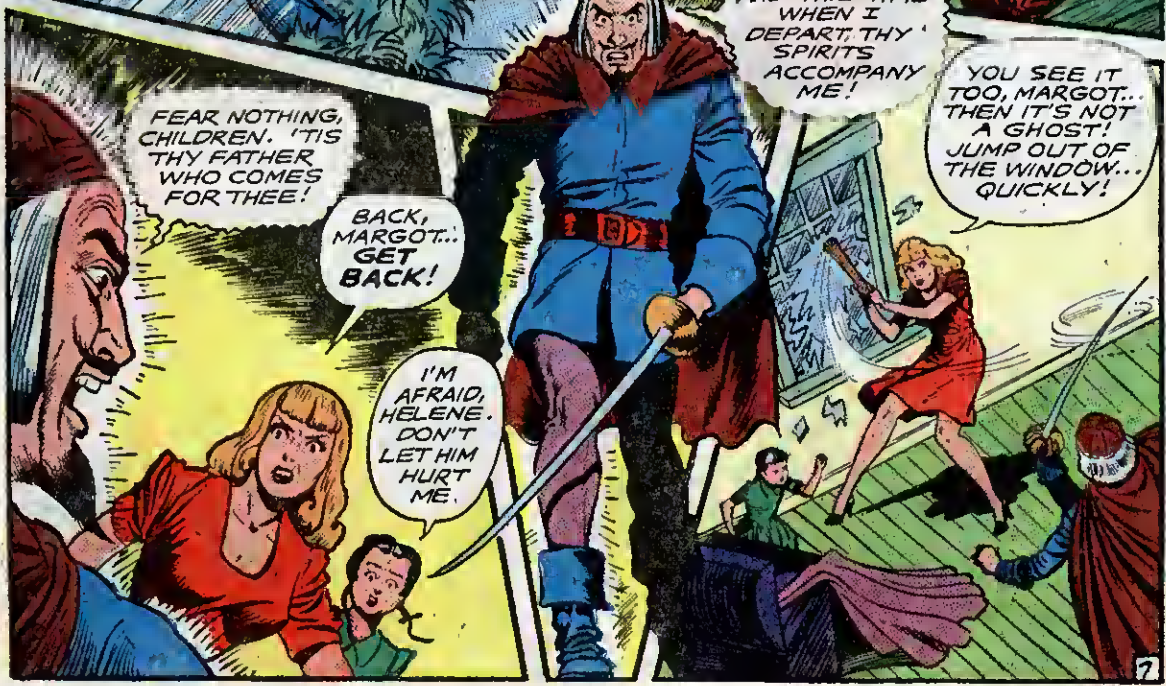


THAT WARNING, URGENT... GOT TO WORK FAST!



AS... WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, HELENE?

THAT VISION ALWAYS WEARS A CARDINAL RICHELIEU COSTUME... AND DAD'S ISN'T HERE... LISTEN... STEPS!



FEAR NOTHING, CHILDREN. 'TIS THY FATHER WHO COMES FOR THEE!

BACK, MARGOT... GET BACK!

I'M AFRAID, HELENE. DON'T LET HIM HURT ME.

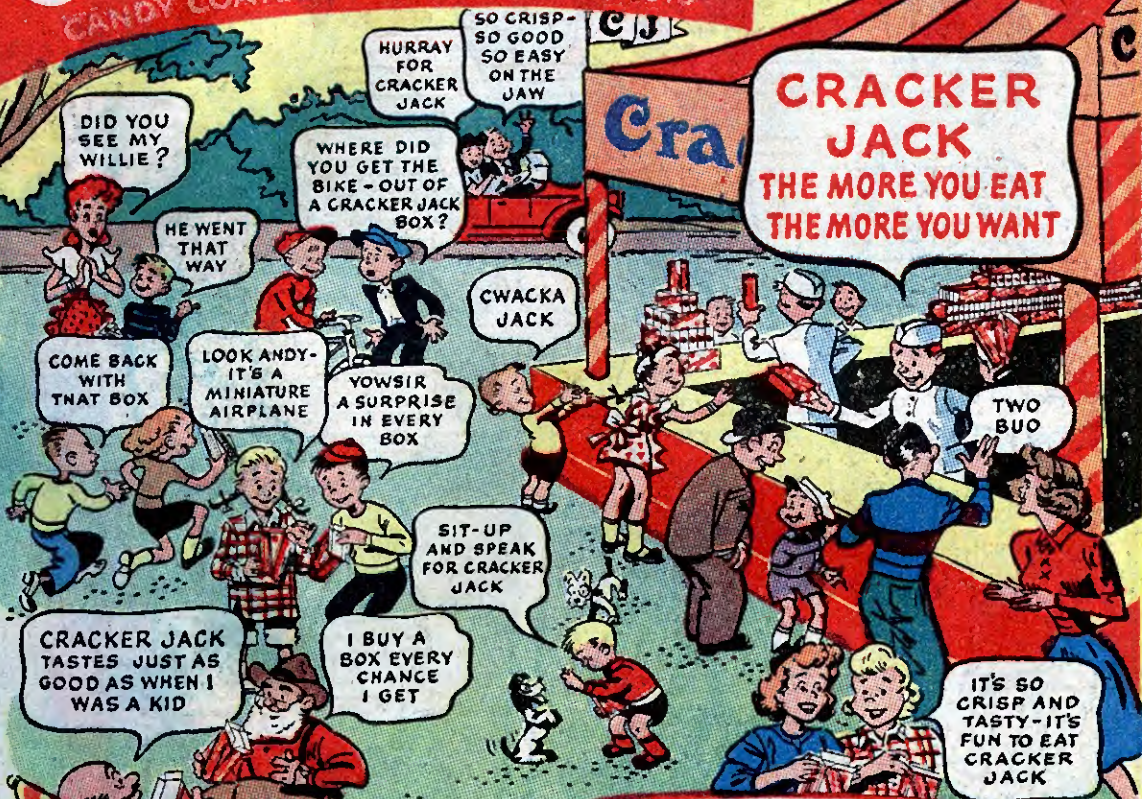
AND THIS TIME WHEN I DEPART, THY SPIRITS ACCOMPANY ME!

YOU SEE IT TOO, MARGOT... THEN IT'S NOT A GHOST! JUMP OUT OF THE WINDOW... QUICKLY!

THE BEST TREAT OF ALL Cracker Jack

CANDY COATED POPCORN with PEANUTS

and-There's a
SURPRISE NOVELTY
in Every Package



DID YOU
SEE MY
WILLIE?

HE WENT
THAT
WAY

COME BACK
WITH
THAT BOX

LOOK ANDY-
IT'S A
MINIATURE
AIRPLANE

HURRAY
FOR
CRACKER
JACK

WHERE DID
YOU GET THE
BIKE - OUT OF
A CRACKER JACK
BOX?

SO CRISP-
SO GOOD
SO EASY
ON THE
JAW

CWACKA
JACK

YOWSIR
A SURPRISE
IN EVERY
BOX

SIT-UP
AND SPEAK
FOR CRACKER
JACK

CRACKER JACK
TASTES JUST AS
GOOD AS WHEN I
WAS A KID

I BUY A
BOX EVERY
CHANCE I
GET

**CRACKER
JACK**
THE MORE YOU EAT
THE MORE YOU WANT

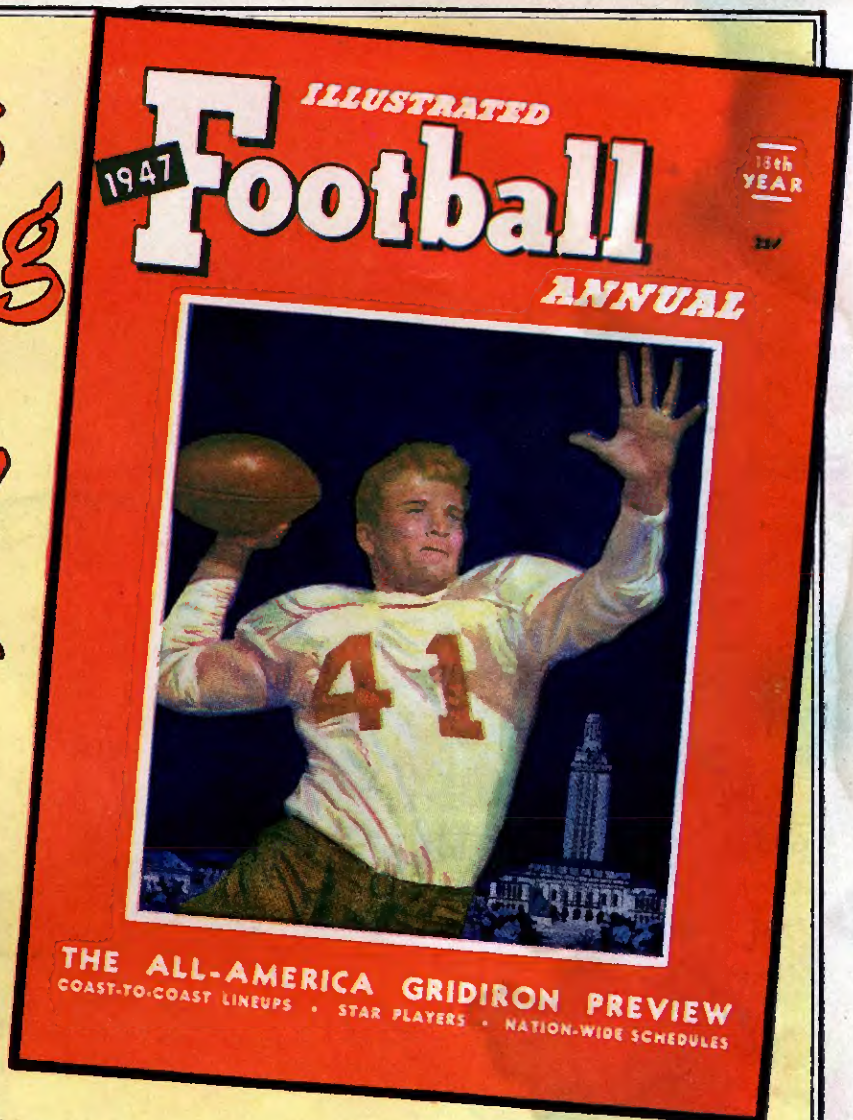
TWO
BUO

IT'S SO
CRISP AND
TASTY - IT'S
FUN TO EAT
CRACKER
JACK

LOOK FOR
CRACKER JACK
AT PARKS-ZOOS-PICNICS-BALL
GAMES-CARNIVALS-FAIRS-
CIRCUSES-RESORTS-GROCERY
DRUG AND CONFECTION STORES



What's
Cooking
With
1947
Foot-
ball?



Will the 29-straight-win Kaydets walk the Navy plank, or will they stumble over the ferocious Quakers? How about Notre Dame—can the soaring Irish hold those spectacular heights? In the Cornlands will Illinois or Michigan top the crop? In the Midlands is it the renovated Sooners or the ticklish Tigers of Missouri? What goes on in Dixie, stomping ground of the Tar-heels and the Blue Devils, the Bulldogs, Volunteers and the Crimson Tide? On the Pacific Coast the sturdy Trojans, Bears and Huskies are muttering, "Watch those boys from the Oregon woods!" Will Rice's Feathered Flock or a Panhandle darkhorse humble trigger-quick Texas U?

Here it is . . . the up-to-the-minute dope on the pigskin picture!

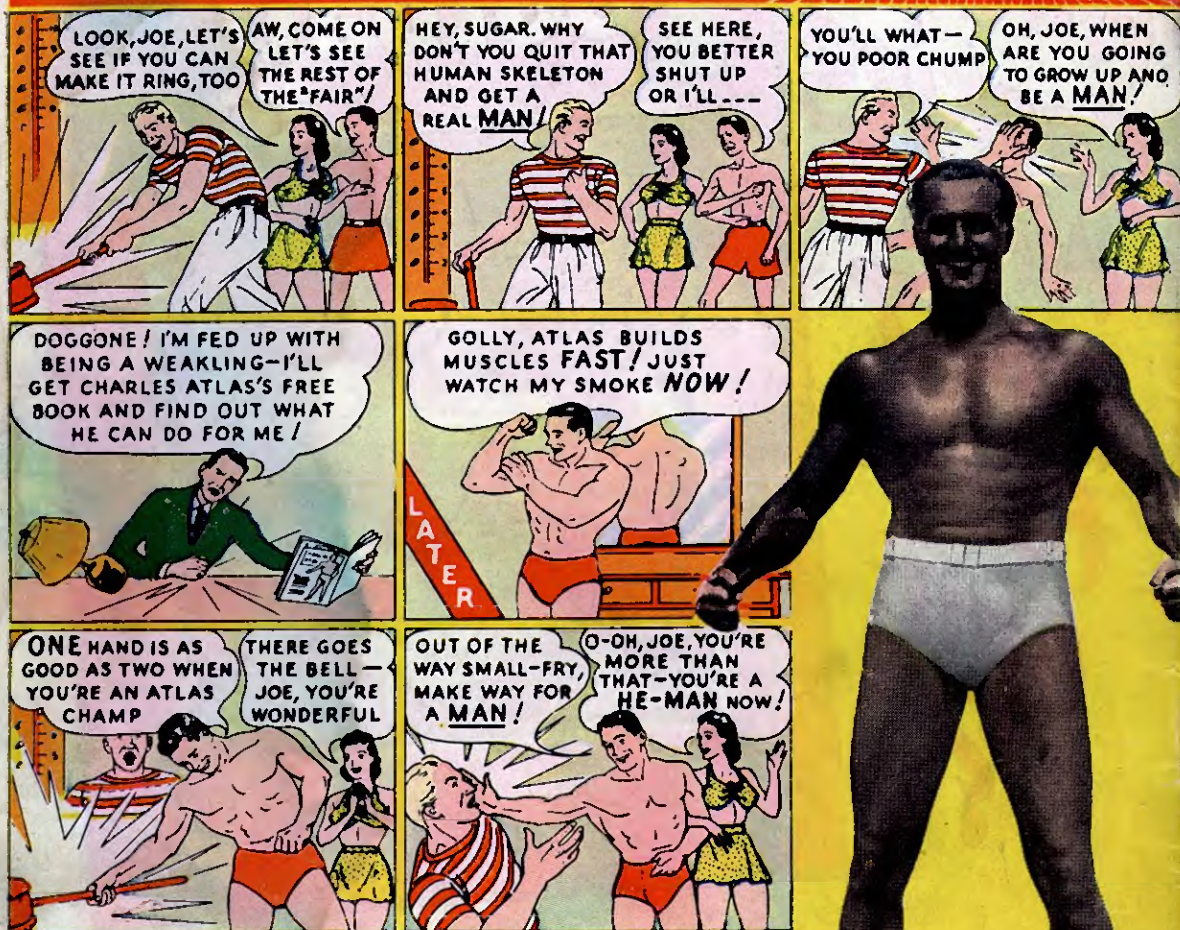
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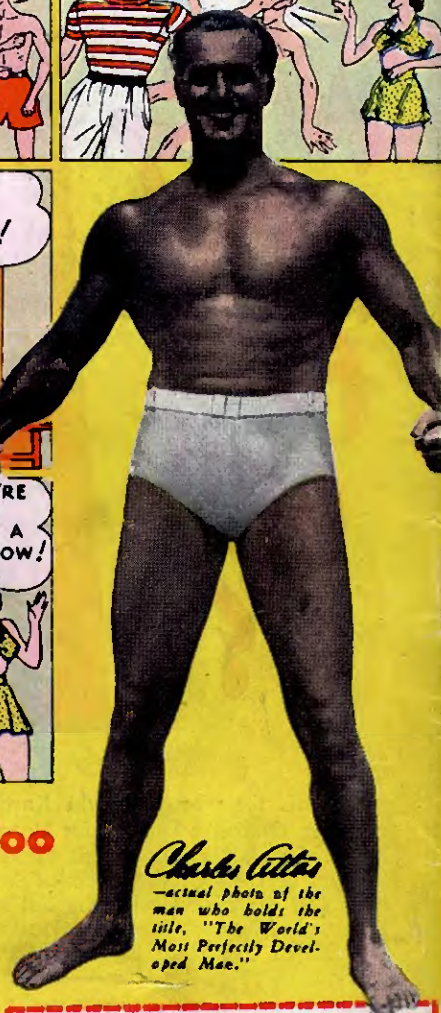
Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your en-

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Charles Atlas

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Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No.
(if any).....State.....